Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE SINNERS AND THE SIN

BY THE EDITOR

It would be stultifying to profess or to assume surprise at the revelations which have been made of the atrocious crimes which Germany committed against this country at a time when peace and friendship ostensibly prevailed between us. Facts long ago established indisputably prepared us for them. What has just been made known, and what may hereafter be made known, concerning German lawlessness and savagery may add to the number but can scarcely increase the infamy of Hunnish deviltries. Indeed, the acts of the very first stage of the war, the violation of the Belgian treaty as a " scrap of paper," the destruction of Louvain, the rapes and murders of innocent civilians, the campaign of " frightfulness," were sufficient to dispel in advance astonishment at any hitherto inconceivable iniquity which Germany might commit.

Nevertheless it is well to have these revelations, and to note carefully and for remembrance their purport. For they fix responsibility for the most unfriendly and unlawful acts upon the very highest authorities. It can no longer be said that mischief was done and laws were broken by irresponsible plotters, or by minor officials without the knowledge or consent of their chiefs. The most distinguished personages are involved. The blood is upon the very steps of the imperial throne. It was not merely Boy-Ed or Rintelen or any such small fry that conspired against the peace and welfare of the United States. It was the German Ambassador at Washington, the direct representative of the Emperor, in cooperation with the Imperial Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who sought to bribe Congressmen, to subsidize news-

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papers, to burn and blow up buildings, and to commit wholesale felonies against the common law of the land as well as against the international law of the world. It was Bernstorff and Zimmermann who did these things, and to pretend that they did so without the full knowledge and approval of the Emperor would be to insult intelligence.

It was in effect William of Hohenzollern who, long before there was so much as suspension of diplomatic relations between the two countries, directed his personal Ambassador to use this country as a base for hostile acts against a nation with which we were at peace. It was William of Hohenzollern who informed his Ambassador here of the names of disloyal Americans who could be used as his tools in the commission of crimes against this country, and who directed him to conduct a campaign of sabotage in the United States. It was to William of Hohenzollern that his Ambassador reported the name of a disloyal renegade American who could be used as a tool, and reported, also, that a vigorous campaign was being begun " to secure a majority in both Houses of Congress favorable to Germany," in behalf of which vast sums of money were solicited—William of Hohenzollern—and yet there are those who affect surprise and resentment at President Wilson's intimation that when the time comes to negotiate for peace, America would like to deal with some more trustworthy authority than that sceptered perjurer and murderer.

The fact is that these revelations, which are abhorrent and which but for their no less abhorrent antecedents would be astounding, are merely cumulative proofs that Germany, under the corrupt influence of the Hohenzollerns, has become an outlaw nation. We know of no law of God or man that she has hesitated to break whenever it stood in her way in this war. We know of no depth of hypocrisy or of treachery from which she has shrunk to serve her ends. It was the Emperor himself who, after honoring and decorating the men who had destroyed Louvain, murdered Edith Cavell and sunk the *Lusitania,* declared that he had wished " to carry on the war in a knightly manner." It was the Emperor himself who, after Germany in 1898 had furnished all desired arms and ammunition to the enemy of the United States, declared that he would not see the Ambassador of a country which furnished arms and ammunition to the enemies of Germany. It was the Emperor himself who said to

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the American Ambassador, "America had better look out after the war . . . I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war." What would have been thought and what would have been said of American diplomatic manners if President Wilson had said such a thing to Count Bernstorff? It was the Emperor's official mouthpiece, the German Foreign Minister, who said to the American Ambassador, referring to the *Lusitania* case, "The United States does not dare to do anything against Germany, because we have five hundred thousand German reservists in America, who will rise in arms against your Government if your Government should dare to take any action against Germany." Suppose that, *mutatis mutandis,* the American Secretary of State had said that to the German Ambassador!

These things are unspeakably boorish, but they are something more. They are unmistakably indicative of the German purpose to disregard international comity and amity and law and equity whenever the German purpose is thus to be served. They proclaim unerringly her contempt for any power which she considers weaker than herself; her concept that a nation's conduct is determined not by what it ought to do but by what it dares or dares not to do. Such purposes and principles are those of a criminal. The unblushing profession of them and the persistent practice of them stamp Germany as an outlaw nation.

Or perhaps we should call her an outlaw empire, differentiating between the people and their rulers. It is true that the President's mere suggestion of such discrimination aroused a storm of resentment and abuse, and passionate assurances that the Emperor and the German people were one. If so, all the worse, infinitely worse, for the German people. But we cannot believe that it is so. It may be that in some way the damnable obsession of Hohenzollernism has transformed the Germany of Luther and Lessing and Richter and Goethe and Schiller and Humboldt and Heine into the Germany of William II and Bernhardi and Tirpitz and Bernstorff; it may be, but we cannot yet believe it. There must be in Germany a people not outlaw at the heart, a people capable of truth and faith and humanity; and we shall continue to hope, with the President, against all discouragements, for the revelation and self-assertion of such a people, who shall give us again a Germany with which civilized and self-respecting nations can fraternize.

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To hope? Yes. But that, in sheer dismay we confess, is the extreme limit of what we can do. Day by day, as the damning records cumulate and find the light, our faith weakens. And we cannot ignore the testimony of those whose proximity and experience afford a basis of surer judgment. There is no longer a shadow of question in the mind and heart of any Belgian or French man or woman as to what *they* are "fighting for." At the beginning, it was in mere self defense, but that was long ago; now it is to kill the Beast. England was even slower to believe that Germany was really worse than the "bad neighbor" depicted by Lloyd George. But that time is past. Read what one of her most famous Generals says:

> Let us clear our minds of cant; we are at war with the German people, from the "All Highest" to the lowliest of his subjects; we reciprocate the hatred of the whole nation by an equally cordial detestation of their repulsive methods in war and in peace; we recognize in them a nation of spies, from the Kaiser to the kellner, from Von Bohlen to the barber, who have eaten our salt while planning our destruction; we abhor their substitution of expediency for honor in all their dealings; we detest them for their repudiation of the moral code of civilized nations and of the ethics of the Christian religion; we shudder with unspeakable disgust at the behavior of men, women and children toward our prisoners; we loathe the ghoulish glee with which they murder the victims of their submarines, the horrible abuse of the S. O. S. signal with which they lure the would-be savior to a watery grave, and the treachery with which they turn on their captors in the field after being accorded honorable and humane treatment as prisoners of war; and we regard with inexpressible horror the bestial outrages which they have committed in Belgium, in France and in East Africa. They have dedicated to us a Hymn of Hate; so be it; let them continue to hate us with "a lasting hate" as their diabolical hymn insistently screams to them to do. For our part, let us remember always that we are "at war with the German people," and that so long as this generation lives it will be an unpardonable insult to our gallant dead, and reckless treachery to the living, ever to allow another German to set foot upon our shores.

This is the voice of England, the unanimous voice; there is no doubt of it. So long as two years ago it began to be heard, but hesitatingly, reluctantly and despairingly; now it is clear, stern, unwavering and unmistakable. Not merely "No Peace," but "No Quarter" has become the battle cry of Britain; every week intensifies the demand for complete subjugation and subsequent ostracism; every month of continuing warfare spells years of succeeding distress and suffering for the millions surely of Prussia and probably of all

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Germany except the more Christian South, from which, thank God, the bulk of immigrants to this country were drawn.

Here, too, at home, in tolerant and relatively untouched America, a dawning consciousness of the true situation, of the innate wickedness of a whole people, is giving birth to a new and deadly attitude. No one who has eyes to see and ears to hear can fail to sense the change. Execration is no longer visited upon the Kaiser alone; it is not even restricted to the treacherous Government, to the tyrannous ruling class or to autocracy as such; it is gradually comprehending the whole race. The very term *German* is becoming anathema. Repugnance at wrongdoing is giving way to abhorrence of wrong feeling. It is no longer the manifestations but the root of evil that chains attention and chills the soul. It is no more mere apprehension of peril to the Nation and disaster to the people, no more fears for democracy and human freedom; it is the spirit of God that is stirring the mighty Republic to its depths and soon, very soon, will burst into unquenchable flame.

Our Allies need have no fears of America. Daily, hourly, she is finding herself under an impulse of righteous wrath which no authority can control and no power can withstand. While the benighted Huns were scorning to "beware the fury of a patient man"—the most patient of men—our people were slow to realize, but the hour has struck. Never before was more plainly exemplified the solemn truth that—

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As to be hated needs but to be seen.

Never before was the vision of a whole people clearer than that of America today. "Plenteous in mercy," as surely they were "slow to anger" they hope some time to be, but willing as they may become to forgive the sinners, they cannot in years or perhaps ever forget the sin.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER

THERE is no more significant feature of this country's relationship to the war than the change of tone and attitude of the President. We call attention to this, not by way of carping or of censure, but rather of commendation. No man

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can be too great to change his mind; it is only little men who are too stubborn to do so. As to the charge of inconsistency, which many are thoughtlessly quick to make, remember that Emerson declared that consistency is something with which a great mind has nothing to do. Nobody dreams of condemning Jefferson because in the great crisis of the Louisiana negotiations he diametrically reversed himself on every essential principle of foreign policy. Rather is that performance imputed to him for statesmanlike fidelity.

In one of his most noteworthy utterances before America's entrance into the war, while he was yet hoping against hope that we could remain out of it and play the part of a peacemaker, the President said that there must be "peace without victory." Now, after six months of actual experience in the war, he is still more insistent that there must be "no peace without victory." It is a diametrical reversal, for which we are inclined to give him much more credit and praise than his critics gave him blame for the former of the utterances.

It is not an inconsistency; or if it is, we may dismiss it in Emerson's spirit. It is rather a development, an awakening, a recognition of facts and a rising to meet them; and it is only live beings that develop, only men with vision who awaken, only strong men who squarely meet formidable conditions. Doubtless the President was in error when he demanded "peace without victory." He himself would be the foremost to admit it. Let him who has been from the beginning free from error about the war cast the first stone. It may be that his present attitude will be misunderstood and his present utterance will be misinterpreted by some. But as surely as he was in error before, he is right now.

The lesson of the incident should be patent to all. A large proportion of this nation has erred at least as much as the President did, and with perhaps less excuse. It has ignored the fact that we are at war, or it has failed to act as those should who are engaged in the greatest war in human history. Even at this very moment some seem to have little or no realization of the tremendous magnitude of the task which we have in hand, of the transcendent issues which are at stake, of the need which there is that every American citizen, according to his capacity, shall without delay buckle down to the work of crushing the Hohenzollern Huns and making the world safe for democracy.

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The blindness, the deafness, the indifference, which prevail among those of our people are almost beyond belief or understanding. It was said that the piratical air raids and baby-killings of the Huns were really a blessing to England, since they aroused the people to a realization of their peril, and aroused in them the fighting spirit, as nothing else could have done, or at any rate had done. We have often wondered if something of the sort is needed to arouse the American people, or a large part of them, to the perils and the duties of the hour.

We hope that nothing of the sort is necessary, and it is for the sake of helping in the fulfilment of that hope that we recall and re-emphasize the President's great change of view and tone. Let the Nation in that respect follow its leader. He has cast off lethargy; he has dismissed the futile academic hopes of making peace with the international mad dog. He has come to the full realization that we are at war, and most tremendously at war. If he can do that, the Nation can do and must do the same. Instead of "peace without victory" the President now gives us as the watchword, "Conquer or submit." That is the choice before the country, and to one of the alternatives every citizen should unequivocally commit himself, with all that it implies. If there are those who prefer to submit to the yoke of the Huns, let them say so. We shall know what to do with them. But every one who does not make that infamous choice is logically and morally bound to come out, openly, aggressively and unequivocally for conquering the Huns, with all that that also implies.

The President has spoken; let the people answer. The President leads the way; let the people follow their leader. No peace without victory; wherefore the only way to peace lies through our conquering of the Huns!

THE CASE OF LA FOLLETTE

When the Secretary of the Treasury declared, "with due deliberation," to the Bankers' Association of West Virginia on September 21 that "every pacifist speech in this country made at this inopportune and improper time is in effect traitorous," he voiced undoubtedly the feeling, if not perhaps the dispassionate judgment, of a vast number of

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American people. We suspected at the time that he might have Dr. Charles W. Eliot in mind, but apparently the President Emeritus did not think so; at any rate he took no offense; else he would hardly have continued his senile maundering about peace confabs in the *Times* a fortnight later. So it remained for Senator Robert M. La Follette to take the reference to his own precious self and wallow in the implication. The hat fitted; on it went; let it stay!

So far we go, on general principles, with full justification from Mr. La Follette's consistently discreditable record, but there we stop. Because an utterance is "in effect" traitorous, it does not follow necessarily that the utterer is a traitor; he may be only a boob or a blatter. Nor should we permit a common impression to confuse our judgment upon a specific allegation. More particularly in a time of tense feeling than at any other does it behoove us to keep our heads on our shoulders and our feet on the ground, lest in our wrath, however righteous, we build precedents likely to crumble fundamentals and to plague posterity. We are in this mighty conflict now up to our ankles; before very long we shall be in it up to our necks and, necessarily and rightfully, as time goes on, we shall have to serve our cause and protect ourselves by killing traitors and hanging spies; but that does not mean that the world is coming to end (witness the peace preparations of Colonel House) or that the safeguarding of a Constitution which guarantees personal liberty and free speech will be less essential to progressive civilization fifty years hence than it is today. So let us use the branding iron relentlessly but sparingly, cautiously and dispassionately.

What, then, is the specific offense for which Senator La Follette has been summoned to appear before a committee of his colleagues? A public utterance, presumed to have been disloyal, delivered in St. Paul on September 20,—just this, nothing less and nothing more, recorded stenographically and reported to the Senate by Senator Robinson on October 6:

> Now, fellow citizens, we are in the midst of a war. For my own part, I was not in favor of beginning the war. [Continued applause.] I didn't mean to say we had not suffered grievances. We had, at the hands of Germany, serious grievances; we had cause for complaining; they had interfered with the right of American citizens to travel upon the high seas on ships loaded with munitions for Great Britain. [Applause and yells.] And, gentlemen, I would not be understood as

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saying we didn't have grievances; we did, and upon those grievances, which I have regarded as insufficient, considering the amount involved and the rights involved, which was the right to ship munitions to Great Britain with American passengers on board to secure a safe transit. [Laughter and applause.] We had a right, a technical right, to ship munitions, and the American citizens had a technical right to ride on those vessels. I was not in favor of riding on them [laughter] because it seemed to me when the consequences resulting from any destruction of life that might occur would be so awful, I say [a voice: "Yellow"]—any man who says that in an audience where he can conceal himself is yellow himself. [Cries: "Put him out."] I say this, that the comparatively small privilege of the right of an American citizen to ride on a munition-loaded ship flying a foreign flag is too small to involve this country in a loss of millions and hundreds of millions [sic] of lives. [Applause.]

And, fellow citizens, it behooves a nation to consider well before it enters upon a war of that sort how much it has got at stake. If all it has got at stake is the loans the house of Morgan makes to foreign Governments, and the profits that the munition makers will earn in shipping their products to foreign countries, then I think it ought to be weighed, not in a common hay scale, but in an apothecary's scale. [Applause.]

Ah! But somebody will tell you American rights are involved. What American rights? The right of some venturesome person to ride upon a munition-laden vessel in violation of an American statute that no vessel which carries explosives shall carry passengers. Four days before the *Lusitania* sailed President Wilson was warned in person by Secretary of State Bryan that the *Lusitania* had 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition on board, besides explosives, and that the passengers who proposed to sail on that vessel were sailing in violation of a statute of this country, that no passengers shall travel upon a railroad train or sail upon a vessel which carries dangerous explosives. [Applause.] And Mr. Bryan appealed to President Wilson to stop passengers from sailing upon the *Lusitania*. I am giving you some history that maybe has not come to you heretofore—the grievances that carry this country into the war, into a war the results of which, as to the loss of life and burdens, financial burdens, that shall be laid upon us can not be calculated by any mind.

Now this, in the midst of a war, was an outrageous declaration, teeming with false statements and wicked implications, but it is not the declaration which first evoked public condemnation. That was contained in the Associated Press report to the effect that the speaker said "We had no grievance,"—a quite contrary version, which proved to be incorrect and, in point of fact, was contradicted by inference in the same careless report which proceeded to recount "On these grievances, which were insignificant," as words subsequently spoken. It is safe and only fair to assume—indeed,

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it is not now denied,—that the transcript presented by Senator Robinson is accurate.

What then? Senator La Follette was opposed to going to war because he did not consider our grievances sufficiently serious to warrant so momentous a step. Very well. Many others took the same view. It was wholly a question of degree. The President himself did not regard the sinking of the *Lusitania* as a *casus belli,* nor many more like outrages, until the climax was reached in the sinking of the *Sussex* and the defiance of Germany. Here we find no ground for complaint except as to the propriety of restating an opinion at a time when its reiteration was calculated to do harm to the National cause.

The " technical right " of Americans to traverse the high seas Senator La Follette admits, but the wisdom of doing so, from a practical standpoint, he questioned at the time, in common with many members of Congress and, so it was generally believed, with the Secretary of State. His only offense here is in repeating a statement for the apparent purpose of creating disaffection.

The adroit sneer at the Government for going to war to protect " the loans of the house of Morgan " is damnable, of course, but is so obviously false, demagogic and absurd as to be unworthy of consideration. So far as the " munition makers " are concerned, nobody knows better than Senator La Follette that their large profit-making disappeared the moment the United States came in and that, in consequence of the heavy demands of our own Government, there will be little left of their previous accumulations. In all this Mr. La Follette was characteristically disingenuous and insincere. His final assertion that Secretary Bryan warned the President that the *Lusitania* was to carry six million rounds of ammunition and " dangerous explosives, in violation of a statute of this country " is flatly denied by both the Secretary and the President. It seems strange that he should have published such a statement unless he believed it to be true, but thus far he has not submitted the grounds for his false impression. He did know, however, that the *Lusitania* did not carry explosives, in violation of a statute, because Secretary Lansing officially disproved that charge beyond question at the time. In this regard, therefore, Senator La Follette was wittingly and deliberately dishonest.

So far as the Senate inquiry is concerned, restricted as

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it is to (1) ascertainment of what Senator La Follette really said at St. Paul and (2) whether his statements were false, this covers the case. That there is no ground for a charge of treason seems evident.

The only question is, Ought the Senate to purge itself by expelling La Follette from membership in that body to which he was re-elected by a very large majority, in the face of his frequently expressed opinions respecting the war? The popular demand that this be done is widespread and seems likely to become more and more insistent as time goes on. It was but natural that chagrined Minnesota should lead the way and that humiliated Wisconsin should promptly follow its neighbor, but perhaps the most significant call came from conservative Massachusetts. Upon the eve of the Republican State convention, the Boston *Evening Transcript* published conspicuously the following leading article:

"Treason must be made odious." Taking for his text "one of the best remembered sayings of one of the least remembered Presidents," Colonel George Harvey in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW calls his countrymen to arms against the enemy at home. We reprint the editorial on the opposite page in the hope that it may come under the eyes of the Republicans who will assemble in their annual convention on Saturday at Springfield. It embodies the knowledge of the past, the courage in the present, the vision of the future, that have characterized the Colonel's course and comment in peace and war, in criticism and commendation, from the time he began his life-work in Springfield when it was very much less of a city than it is today. Whether they be agents of the enemy, his dupes or his friends, whether they flirt with treason or play with the fire of sedition, whether they stab in the back the flag's defenders by sneers at the cause in which the Nation has enlisted, whether they sow the seeds of distrust at home from seats in either House of Congress, from the platform or through the press, Colonel Harvey would have all "who give aid and comfort to the enemy" pilloried before the nation as enemies of the nation and dealt with accordingly.

On Saturday at Springfield the Republicans will not do their full bit toward the prosecution of the war unless they read out of the party all persons who are "not of whole heart and mind and strength committed to fight with us to make the world safe for democracy." Senator La Follette is not so committed. By his own words he has forfeited any right to a seat in the Republican caucus of the Senate. If the Republicans of Massachusetts do their full duty at the forthcoming convention they will adopt a resolution repudiating him as a Republican and calling upon the Republicans of the Senate to do likewise. Not to adopt such a resolution would be to advertise the convention as a political catchall for votes. Not to adopt such a resolution would be to say to the people of Massachusetts that the party puts

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political expediency above patriotic obligation. Now is not the time for "pussyfooting"; it is the time for the sort of plain speech of which the editorial of Colonel Harvey is so stirring an example.

The response was prompt and emphatic, as shown by the adoption by unanimous vote of the following resolutions:

We Republicans of Massachusetts, in annual convention assembled, as loyal fellow-countrymen, forgetting party affiliations, hereby express our condemnation and record our censure of Robert M. La Follette as a Senator of the United States and as an individual for his attitude and public utterances in the matter of the world's war as of comfort to the common enemy, the Imperial German Government, and so of marked disloyalty to his country, the United States of America. Be it

Resolved, That we direct the clerk of this convention to transmit a copy of these to the Senate of the United States.

In our grim determination to win this war, as soon and as effectively as possible—in which holy cause our countrymen have pledged so much of precious blood and treasure—we recognize two classes of citizens and only two; those who are for us and those who are against us, and those who are not for us are against us.

We will support our Senators and Representatives in any effort they may make to drive out of Congress any who by word or act give aid and comfort to the enemy.

No "pussy-footing" here! Strong and exhilarating words, worthy of the old Bay State! And yet, strange under the circumstances as it may seem, we find ourselves unable to commend the course proposed. To impeach the accredited representative of a sovereign State is to take a step of utmost gravity, which ought surely to be avoided if in any other way the desired result can be obtained. True, during the civil war, Senators John C. Breckinridge and Waldo P. Johnson and Representatives Henry C. Burnett and John W. Reid were expelled from Congress, but each of the four had taken up arms against the Union and was in "open rebellion." The guilt of Senator Trusten Polk was equally plain, and unavoidable expulsion followed, but not even the fervid eloquence of Sumner could induce the Senate to repudiate Lazarus W. Powell or Benjamin Stark on mere charges of "disloyalty," despite the fact that, with respect to the latter, the Judiciary Committee held the allegation to have been proved. These are the only precedents that bear directly upon the case of La Follette and they clearly do not warrant the drastic action proposed.

There is yet another consideration. Frankly, detesting his conduct as we do, we do not believe that La Follette is

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a traitor. We do not think he is even pro-German. He is simply pro-La Follette and the only "aid and comfort" he has in mind is to his own insane ambition to occupy the White House. To enable him to exploit himself as "a martyr" would serve only to encourage other specious demagogues to seek like notoriety. Better by far is the method employed by the patriotic bankers of Missouri in dealing with their own Senator Reed, whom they forbade to speak at their convention banquet and who, "after several speakers had made pointed remarks about the necessity of patriotism, walked about the lobby, alone and ignored."

The time may come when it will be necessary to deprive La Follette of official standing, but for the present let him be treated as any other pest. Because Wisconsin is the Badger State and was beguiled into sending to the Senate a two-legged specimen of the most detested species of the badger family, it does not follow that patriotic men should be bound by "Senatorial courtesy" to do more than hold their noses. And that ought to suffice. Selah!

THE WAR REVENUE ACT

SOME newspapers have made the rather obvious discovery that there was a "joker" in the War Revenue Bill. Yet why consider this strange, in a game played with a "joker"? The fact is that legislation finally determined upon, as this was, *in camera,* by the Conference Committee of the House and Senate, almost necessarily will have its surprises. Yet the country may well congratulate itself that things are no worse; for had the Bill been passed by Congress in anything like the shape in which it came from either the House or the Senate, little could have been expected but a financial panic.

The whole history of this legislation ought to be an object lesson of the methods of legislation that still persist in Washington, for the "jokers" in this Bill are trivial compared with its fundamentally objectionable features.

In March last, despite all opposition, a Bill was passed by the Sixty-fourth Congress "To provide increased revenue to defray the expenses of increased appropriations for the Army and Navy," etc. It provided for a tax of eight per cent upon the amount by which the income of a corpora-

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tion exceeded $5,000 plus eight per cent upon its Invested Capital. But Invested Capital was thus defined:

> That for the purpose of this title, actual capital invested means (1) actual cash paid in, (2) the actual cash value at the time of payment, of assets other than cash paid in, and (3) paid in or earned surplus and undivided profits used or employed in the business; but does not include money or other property borrowed by the corporation or partnership.

This was the production of Mr. Claude Kitchin, hailing from that great industrial and intellectual centre, Scotland Neck, North Carolina, who was then quoted as declaring that if war were to be prepared for by the United States the territory north of the Mason and Dixon line would have to pay for it—a patriotic attitude for the Southern pacifist.

Of course, any such definition of capital, where original Cost and not Value was to be the basis of the exemption and therefore largely determine the amount of tax, was indefensible in its discrimination. Yet the Bill passed the House in this form and went to the Senate. The Senate amended the Bill in many particulars, but was afterwards notified by the House that if the Bill was changed to the extent of crossing a "t" or dotting an "i" there would be no revenue legislation. Thereupon, the Senate yields, and the House Bill verbatim goes on the Statute Books.

Now the curtain rises on a new stage setting—the Sixty-fifth Congress.

Additional revenue had to be provided as the result of our declaration of war, and it was necessary to enact legislation in substitution for that of the Sixty-fourth Congress, and the play begins all over again.

A Bill is prepared by the Ways and Means Committee without meeting the approval of all of its members. Yet, on being reported to the House, it is jammed through practically without serious debate. The occasion was not unlike that historic meeting of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Traction Company in New York some years ago, presided over by the late Mr. Widener, who, irritated at a proposed discussion of the merits and demerits of a lease about to be voted upon, ruled, "Let the lease be voted for first, and then have the talk." The new Bill was like the old Bill in its provisions for a flat rate of tax, now increased, on the income of corporations over a deduction of eight per cent on Invested Capital, which is defined as before, except that

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the clause as to borrowed money was omitted and that the inclusion of trade-marks, good-will, etc., in Invested Capital was prohibited, unless they were specifically paid for in cash or tangible property.

The Bill comes to the Senate, where it is referred to the Finance Committee, which determined upon extended hearings. The Committee, after being enlightened by these hearings, made an elaborate report condemning the principle of taxation in the House Bill, and particularly as to the provisions concerning the exclusion of trade-marks, good-will, etc., from valuation. Its enlightenment, however, stopped there. For having heard that some other countries were taxing war profits, it forthwith seized upon this idea of taxation, and reported a Bill taxing war profits in an ascending scale, ultimately reaching a high percentage. To use its own words:

> In general it proposes to make the basis of the tax the difference between the profits of the pre-war period and the profits of the taxable year. We take by taxation directly or indirectly for the purpose of taxation, a part of the extra gains which the war itself has caused.

But almost immediately the Senate considered it had come upon the discovery that the plan would not produce the requisite income, inasmuch as many large corporations might thereby escape substantial taxation. So, without further hearings, or any real attempt of justification of its course, the Senate turns the play into a variety show, performs the ingenious acrobatic feat of radically amending its own amendments, adopts the House definition of Invested Capital, which it had just condemned, and then by legerdemain proceeds to manufacture the war profits which the corporations themselves had failed to manufacture, after this fashion:

Suppose a corporation may have earned before the war $250,000 on a capital of $1,000,000, and only $200,000 during the war period. Of course, there were no war profits, but war losses, so-to-speak. But the Senate Committee was agile in reply: "No, the pre-war profits as we declare them to be were only ten per cent on invested capital;" and, presto! war profits of $100,000 appear. In this shape the Bill passes the Senate.

Thereupon the Excess Profits Bill of the House and the pretended War Profits Bill of the Senate go to Conference, where the wrangle goes merrily on behind closed doors be-

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tween the Kitchin and Simmons adherents. While some uncharitable newspapers suggested that politics may have had to do with the peculiar evolution of the Bill, we scoff at such a thought. For when such an august body as Congress is under discussion, we are not tolerant even of

> The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
> Which calumny doth use.

During this time about the chief thing which is intimated by some newspapers concerning the legislation is that Mr. Kitchin, for his political advantage, is blocking the progress of the righteous Senate Bill. Yet the slightest investigation would have shown that whatever might be said about the two Bills—not comparatively by way of praise, but dispraise—less could be said in criticism of the House Bill than of the Senate Bill; for the House Bill at least was a Bill which meant what it said, while the Senate Bill only pretended to be what it was not. For to characterize the Senate Bill in its amended form as a War Profits Bill was farcical.

Then, after nearly six months of ill-spent time, the definition of Invested Capital was changed for the better, so that it is no longer determined by the Cost, but by the Value, of tangible property, and some grudging but wholly inadequate recognition is conceded to the value of patents, copyrights, trade-marks, trade brands, good-will, etc.

Yet the method of taxation to be adopted was clear beyond question, if double taxation was to be insisted upon. At least corporations should have been allowed an exemption on all values, and then a progressive tax imposed on excess profits. Such values would not have been difficult to arrive at, for the Government has already figured them in the Excise or Capitalization Tax, where the capital stock of corporations is taxed on the basis of the value of all corporate assets. Then, after the exemption, the progressive tax could have been imposed, and any amount raised to meet the needs of the Government, for the corporate income of this country is many times the amount secured in the Revenue Bill.

The fundamental misconception, however, in enacting this Law is that Congress persisted in taxing the corporation as the *octopus*. Yet the tax is nothing less than a progressive tax on individual income derived from corporate earnings. And when the residuum reaches the individual it is

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subjected to still another progressive tax. It is double taxation with a vengeance, though, in equity, the income from corporations once taxed progressively should not be taxed again. There is no such double taxation in England—and there should be none here. There, all individual income, however derived, has time out of mind been taxed, and the additional tax is imposed only upon excess war profits of a war year over a selected pre-war year.

Then, too, think of the deliberate refusal of Congress to provide for the partial payment of the tax. One of the Senators, it is said, who proposed such a plan had the humiliation of securing its approval by only seven other Senators. What would be thought of a Government scheme of raising money through bond issues when all the money had to be paid at once?

There should be supplemental legislation immediately on the assembling of Congress in regular session. If it be impossible to relieve individuals of the unjust burden of a progressive tax on the residuum received by them out of corporate earnings—after such earnings have already been subjected to a progressive tax—at least, with an aroused public opinion, it is possible before any payments are called for under the Act to so change it that the tax can be made payable over a period of time; that in fixing the amount of exemptions to which corporations are entitled all values be taken into consideration; and that all "jokers" be eliminated.

MUST WE GO TO JAIL?

THE Espionage Act approved by the President on June 15 provided that any publication "containing any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection or forcible resistance to any law of the United States is hereby declared to be nonmailable." Very good! "Treason," as we reiterated last month, "must be made odious," by all available means. But now comes a supplementary provision in the Trading with the Enemy Act, approved on October 6, to the effect that "it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, corporation, or association, to transport, carry, or otherwise publish or distribute any matter which is made nonmailable"

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by the Espionage Act, under penalty of $500 fine or of imprisonment for a year or of both.

What does this mean? Penalties can still be exacted, we suppose, only after convictions by courts of law, but it is within the province of the Postmaster General to pronounce a periodical "nonmailable" and to ruin it by stopping its publication and distribution pending appeal and trial. The *World* calls this "a species of lynch law," of which "the Postmaster General is judge, jury and executioner,"—an opinion shared apparently by Mr. Burleson himself, who spoke to the correspondent of the *Evening Post* as follows:

> I realize that it is a great power, but I intend to be as conservative and as cautious as it is humanly possible to be. There isn't going to be any injustice done. No truly loyal American has anything to fear. And I want to state right now that the purpose of this legislation is not to prevent criticism of the Government or the Administration or the Post Office Department. It is not aimed against Socalist publications or any other kind of publications as a class. The newspapers can denounce me or the Administration all they like, and they can have such criticism circulated through the mails. But if we find newspapers preaching disloyalty, newspapers that are really German at heart and in secret sympathy with the German Government which we are fighting, newspapers which are trying to make the masses in this country believe that this is a capitalists' war and that the Government therefore ought not to be supported—those publications we intend to suppress with a firm hand. Because we are at war with the Imperial German Government. The country has declared war. Any one who deliberately sets afoot a propaganda to discourage support to the Government as against its enemies is doing a treasonable thing. We must win the war, and we cannot brook disloyalty at home.

That is to say, having "a giant's strength," he would not be "tyrannous" in using it,—a consoling reassurance no doubt, but hardly satisfying. Of course, we "cannot brook disloyalty at home" nor can we countenance "preaching disloyalty," but how precisely and with certainty to determine whether one is "really German *at heart*" or "in *secret* sympathy" with the enemy is past our imagining. However, following the Cabinet meeting, Mr. Burleson spoke more explicitly.

"We shall take great care not to let criticism which is personally or politically offensive to the Administration affect our action," he said. "But if newspapers go so far as to impugn the motives of the Government and thus encourage insubordination, they will be dealt with severely.

"For instance, papers may not say that the Government

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is controlled by Wall Street or munition manufacturers, or any other special interests. Publications of any news calculated to urge the people to violate law would be considered grounds for drastic action. We will not tolerate campaigns against conscription, enlistments, sale of securities, or revenue collections. We will not permit the publication or circulation of anything hampering the war's prosecution or attacking improperly our Allies."

Mr. Burleson explained that the policy of the foreign language newspapers would be judged by their past utterances, and not by newly announced intentions.

"We have files of these papers, and whether we license them or not depends on our inspection of the files," he said. German language newspapers not licensed will be required to publish English translations.

Mr. Burleson said no Socialist paper would be barred from the mails unless it contained treasonable or seditious matter.

"The trouble," he added, "is that most Socalist papers do contain this matter."

Even the faithful Springfield *Republican* finds this disturbing,—and we cannot wonder. "If," it remarks, "Mr. Burleson is going to suppress all publications that venture to 'impugn the motives of the Government' he must in the end virtually suppress all hostile criticism of the Administration and destroy free speech in this country." And again, when the Socialist Milwaukee *Leader* was stopped because of its "general tone," the *Republican* declared somewhat brusquely:

> The more newspapers of whatever character the Postmaster-General suppresses by denying them mailing privileges, the more depressed these earnest supporters of the war will be. There would be solid reassurance in this matter if the censorship powers could be practically vested by the President in a special body composed of men whose public reputation for broad and liberal views would guarantee the country against a use of the censorship narrowly bureaucratic or intolerant or stupid. The powers now being exercised by the postal authorities in censoring the press are immensely important and their bearing on the popular support of the war may prove incalculable. The President has placed some of our foremost citizens in other places of high responsibility which the war emergency created; why should not men of national reputation for judgment and insight be given control of the war censorship powers of the Post-Office Department?
>
> Frankly, neither Postmaster-General Burleson nor any of his sub-

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ordinates seems to measure up to the job. They do not command public confidence as men exercising such authority should command it.

Readers of this REVIEW need not be informed that, at the very outset of the war, we urged the establishment of a wise and capable censorship which should be wholly independent of the working departments and should form a valuable connecting link between President and people; but, this suggestion having been rejected, as between Messrs. Daniels and Baker, originally designated, and Mr. Burleson, now duly installed, we hesitate to express a preference. Upon the whole, we are disposed to lean tactfully towards the latter, for the quite practical reason that it is he who wields the axe. It is only a question of time when this REVIEW will be stopped and we shall be sent as far along the road to jail as the courts will permit: we perceive that plainly enough. Not that we shall say anything which could possibly be regarded as "personally or politically offensive to the Administration;" nothing like that; Heaven knows we are scrupulously and invariably polite, although frankly in view of prospective judgment upon "past utterances," we should feel relieved to be assured that certain back numbers of this journal have been mislaid. But when it comes to telling us that we must not express an opinion, if such we should happen to hold, respecting undue influencing of the Government by "Wall Street," by "munitions makers" or by "any other special interests," the betting will cease instantly. And when the Postmaster General notifies us, as quoted by the *Republican,* that "there is a limit"—for a public journal—"and that limit is reached when it begins to say that this Government got in the war wrong," we respond in kind that the limit is not even in sight. In point of fact—preserve us, good Lord!—this Government *did* get in the war wrong; it ought to have been better prepared. But we have never talked about that and would not now if we were not goaded to it. We hasten, nevertheless, to inform our prospective executioner that one Theodore Roosevelt has been making remarks along that line for some time and is aching to go somewhere, preferably to France, but why not to jail? He would make a glorious martyr.

The solemn truth is that this legislation, interjected surreptitiously as it was, is wicked, vicious, tyrannous and ought never to have been enacted. We beg merely in con-

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clusion, and in friendliness, to suggest to the Postmaster General that he study carefully the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and reflect gravely upon the fate which befel John Adams when he undertook to impose *his* notion of sedition upon a nation of freemen jealous of their liberties and capable of maintaining them.

THE PROBLEM OF OUR COLONEL

ONE day when our best beloved Colonel was striving vainly to enlist as a Major General he joined a small luncheon party, obviously somewhat out of temper. Some egregious ass had remarked sneeringly that Major Generals seldom got killed. To those present, none of whom needed to be told that a braver man never lived, the gratuitous insult appealed only as a jest, but perhaps it was only natural that the Colonel himself should have felt outraged. "The simple truth is," he declared vehemently, "that if I am permitted to go to France to fight for my country in any capacity, I haven't the slightest expectation of ever returning alive, not the slightest. Almost to a certainty I shall be killed." There was a moment of rather tense silence. Nobody doubted the sincerity of the Colonel's conviction and nobody liked to contemplate even the possibility of such a happening. Presently Mr. Root broke the spell. "Well, Theodore," the distinguished statesman remarked drily, "if you could convince the Administration of that, you probably would get your commission forthwith." "By George, I guess you're right," was the quick and emphatic response. So at least the story runs. We cannot, or rather do not, vouch for it; but clearly, whether true or not, regard for verisimilitude forbids that it should pass unrecorded.

If we are not mistaken, Colonel Henry Watterson, speaking in his accustomed role of guide, philosopher and friend of the President, announced firmly in advance that the Colonel's ambition could not be realized, because of the political inadvisability of creating military heroes who might aspire to higher things. That, however, was not our view. We felt, with the President, and so apparently felt the country, that our military participation should be along "precise and scientific" lines, for which Our Colonel's experience, creditable and honorable though it was, had left much to be

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desired by way of equipment. Even so, it seemed possible for a time that, in consideration of his great official prestige and personal popularity, he might obtain his heart's patriotic desire. The stumbling block, we suspect, was his own truculence. Instead of humbly seeking, he was disposed to demand,—and that, of course, would never, never do. So primarily it was to his inability to forget that he himself was not still President that Our Colonel owed his disappointment. Then there was the very danger to which he referred, namely, that both himself and his motley assortment of Eastern sports and Western cowboys, might get shot up, to no particular purpose,—and he at any rate could ill be spared. Undoubtedly, therefore, the President's decision was both right and prudent.

Nevertheless, according to what the Hon. J. Ham. Lewis would call the eminent and able *Springfield Republican,* a new movement is afoot to achieve the original purpose. It seems that " conferences " have already been held somewhere in Agawam with a view to recruiting a special Roosevelt division " from New England alone; " that the Governors up there are " favorable to the plan and are working with Mr. Roosevelt and military men to further it; " that " opposition in Washington is said to be diminishing; " and that " men directly connected with the movement are optimistic of eventual success." Simultaneously our revered contemporary prints an excellent picture of the former and maybe future President in riding boots and spurs and the Colonel himself goes into training in a meadow patch in Connecticut adjacent to Senator Brandegee's nutmeg factory,—to reduce. Despite these favorable symptoms, however, we are less sanguine of even " eventual " success than those more intimately concerned. Not only has there arisen no particular change in the situation since the Colonel and the Secretary of War engaged in an epistolary competition but, as everybody knows, the most striking attribute of our present Administration is unchangeability of mind.

We doubt, too, whether Our Colonel is temperamentally capable of conforming to requisite requirements. Only a week before he sought seclusion in Connecticut he was harping away on " criminal unpreparedness," or words to that effect, and was pronouncing this " a very exclusive war as far as I am concerned, having been blackballed by the Committee on Admission." He derided the relative superiority

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in might accorded by Mr. Bulwer Lytton to the pen over the sword,—although in truth clearer evidence of its correctness could hardly be afforded than by his present experience,—and he continued to appear, also as depicted by Mr. Bulwer Lytton, as—

> The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
> Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of debate.

So, after due consideration and painstaking reflection, we can hardly hope for the worst. Obviously Our Colonel is doomed to remain at home to write pieces for Messrs. Whitney and Whigham in New York and for Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood in Kansas City.

It is, we feel, to rejoice. Mr. Roosevelt is our finest specimen of robust Americanism and, for the sake of the country, we would have him kept out of harm's way. If he could be more philosophical about it, we should be happier, because we do not like to think of Our Colonel with a grouch. But that, we fear, is too much to hope until he shall realize that he has about as much chance of making a dent in this Scotch-Irish Administration by denunciation as a gentleman has of winning the love of a lady by argument.

Far better surely to let fly as sharply and as frequently as may be at lafollettes, while scrupulously heeding the splendid admonition of our great American Cardinal Gibbons to "help our people to realize that they owe unswerving loyalty to the rulers whom they have elected to office," though not, of course, as he thoughtfully added, "in slavish manner," because true perspectives must be maintained and, if everybody should be as busy as Lord Northcliffe and as solemn as Mr. Tumulty, the whole United States would go crazy.

WELCOME, COLONEL HOUSE!

The final announcement that Colonel Edward Mandell House, formerly of Texas but now of all creation, has been designated by the President to "gather data" for the use of representatives of the United States at some future peace conference is most gratifying. We know of no one better qualified by lifelong habits of patient industry and calm reflection for the undertaking, and the task itself is of a magnitude commensurate with the dignity of an Assistant-President. Truth to tell, we were growing so restive under

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the mystic power of a silence which was becoming oppressive and an invisibility which was beginning to seem ominous that we should have ventured a humble but helpful suggestion long ago but for the extreme difficulty of defining a position which should convey the requisite honor without responsibility. Happily, the President himself, with characteristic insight, forethought and consideration, has solved the perplexing problem, to the satisfaction, we trust, of all concerned, not excepting the Central Powers.

It is with regret far from shallow, therefore, in view of the advantageous outcome of scholarly meditation, that the method of promulgation left much to be desired. The first intimation appeared, we believe, in the enterprising Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of September 27, under the caption " Colonel House Organizing U. S. Peace Activities " and, in the absence of the President from Washington, gave rise to no little perturbation in the traditionally and technically high official circles. In fact, according to the special correspondent of the *Evening Sun*, the report " was flatly denied at the State Department, Secretary Lansing, it was stated authoritatively, knowing nothing about it." Again, on October 3, the same correspondent recorded more explicitly that " on the day when the reports appeared Secretary Lansing declared that he had no information that they were true," that " on the day following he notified subordinate officials that he was physically indisposed and did not come to his office " and, in point of fact, remained away for a week, when he returned and attended " a particularly lengthy meeting " at the White House. Meanwhile, Colonel House, not the White House, breaking through his accustomed reticence, received a reporter of the *Times* in New York, confirmed the announcement and patiently outlined his plan and scope in detail. Coincidently, and not unnaturally perhaps, it quickly became known, the British and French Ambassadors were being harassed with inquiring cablegrams from their respective Governments and the Prussian oligarchy was suspected of heralding to the German people a fresh " American Move for Peace," much to their own satisfaction and greatly to the discomfiture of the Allies at home and on the battlefields.

Clearly, it was not a happy circumstance, and we may readily believe that the President was " extremely annoyed," though why he should have been " particularly incensed over

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reports that he had asked or would probably ask aid for Colonel House from Justice Brandeis, ex-President Taft and ex-Secretary Root" is less apparent. If the reference had been to ex-President Roosevelt, we could have—but never mind that. The point is that somebody permitted somebody else to make public prematurely an incomplete and misleading announcement which surely caused much perturbation and probably did no inconsiderable harm. Who that somebody was, we have no means of ascertaining and no inclination to surmise; but it ought not to happen again, and the mere fact that it did happen strikingly emphasizes the justification of our insistence that the constant dissemination of rumors upon the authority of anonymous "high officials" should cease and that all announcements of vital importance should emanate from a competent Department of Public Information. The present practice is playing with fire, nothing else and nothing less.

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ODE

ON THE SAILING OF OUR TROOPS FOR FRANCE

Dedicated to President Wilson

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

Go fight for Freedom, Warriors of the West!
  At last the word is spoken: Go!
Lay on for Liberty. 'Twas at her breast
  The tyrant aimed his blow;
And ye were wounded with the rest
  In Belgium's overthrow.

The anguish of the night is past,
  The months of torment, when the roar
  Of distant battles rolled against our shore,
Each summons sounding louder than the last;
  And in the surge and swell
  We heard the deep vibrations of a bell,
The tongue of Fate, that tolling on the blast,
  Repeated o'er and o'er
"Awake! your horoscope is cast;
  The Old World and the New shall live apart no more.
Awake! the Future claims you. Europe's soul
  Hangs in the balance, and the gods contrive
That without *her* thou never canst be whole,
  Nor she without thee save her soul alive.

"Like to the sleeping hero dost thou lie,
  Whose father's gear the nymphs beneath a mound
Concealed, while centaurs watched his infancy
  Till honor's great occasion should be found.
Awake! the virgins perish, monsters rage;
  The earth is mastered by Hell's Overlord;
Accept the manhood of thine heritage:
  Behold the shield, the sandals and the sword."

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The dying thunder of the ocean's voice
  Left music on the air. The sleeper stirred,
As one who in a dream must make a choice
  Of pleasure mixed with pain.
Something he muttered like a broken word;
  Then heaved his length and seemed to sleep again.
And still the awful weight of that recurrent sound
Smote on our shores and seemed to shake the ground.

So long, before our lips, fate held the cup,—
  So long we waited for the dawn,—
We scarcely breathed or dared look up
  For fear that draught of life should be withdrawn.
  Vain fears! the stars that shined upon our birth
  Had made us freedom's champions on the earth.
Thanks be to God, our page of history
  Flashes with all one lightning; one design
  From first to last appears in every line,
  Which, being noted, makes the tale divine,
But being missed or slighted, all becomes
A meaningless and aimless revery,—
A tale of moving mobs and swords and drums,
      A maze without a key,—
  A history of pebbles which the sea
  Disturbs and rearranges endlessly.

Time was, the world a vision saw.
  A faith was born in nations far away
From whom our life and mind we draw,—
  A hope, as when the earliest ray
Of peeping dawn predicts the day.
  The ancient peoples of the time-worn earth
  Divined the meaning of our birth
    Before our life began:
    The Vision was America,
  The Faith was faith in man.
Thus, when our fathers crossed the sea
  To found a state that should become
The Capitol of Liberty,
  And Freedom's home,
The hopes of Europe with them came,
And in the new republic's name

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Pæans were chanted, garlands hung;
The Old World praised the great event,
And blessed the untrodden continent
That should a shrine provide,
Where mercy, justice, strength and truth,
In new-found and immortal youth
Forever should abide.
America became a myth
That Europe's wise-men conjured with,
And prayers went up in many a tongue,
And seers dreamed, and poets sung
And sages prophesied.
And lo, before the echoes died
Of that great pæan, there arose
A state that to the dream replied,
And gave the saints repose.

Thanks be to God who chose of old
The masters of our race,
And stamped an image on the mold
Which time cannot efface.
As if to show what Nature can,—
When, teeming in expansive ease
She overbrims her earlier plan,
Outbursts all ancient boundaries
Of farm and kingdom, race and creed,—
Creation gave the world a man
To meet the larger need.
Nor came he unto us alone,
The world's new hero, Washington.

Him did those opening thunders call
That smite our shores with grinding power;
His name was in the crash and fall
Of every Belgian tower.
By bloody pool, by reeking wall,
'Mid countless deeds of dark offence,
That name went up with every cry
Of prostrate innocence.
For when Incarnate Tyranny
Streamed over lovely France,
And homesteads, roofless to the sky,
Looked up to God askance,

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His tattered portrait shared the doom
Of holy pictures in the gloom
Of each abandoned peasant home.
Here by the lowliest hearths of earth,
While generations came and went,
His face had shone o'er death and birth,
And mingled with the hopes and fears,—
The household words, the merriment, the tears,—
The deep religious sentiment
That tells men God doth not forget.
So burned he, and his lamp is burning yet.

Ah France, thou art the home of Memory,
The Mother of the Muses! In thy hands
The Past is safe: each peasant holds a key
To archives which the savant understands,
And all conspire to guard a treasury,
Where flock the enthusiasts of other lands
To dip their minds in thee.
France, France herself doth not forget!
So mused I,—wondering what we,
The lost tribe of the new world, had to set
Against such piety.
Have we no saints? Within our atrium stands
No altar to the great of other lands?

And, as I question, there appears,—
An image,—pictures, statues, prints.
The earliest memories of my earliest years
Are filled with lithographs and mezzotints
That on each wall and stair and stoop were met.
Ay, let France search our homes! She'll find
In many a manse, in many a nook
In every old-time picture book,
In every pious and ingenuous mind,—
In simple folk of the ancestral kind,—
The shade of Lafayette.

Another name, a sacred name there is,—
A nature more than human, a great mind,—
Less like to Cæsar than to Socrates,
Which on our native roster ye shall find.
'Twas liberty that gave him to mankind;

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And as her soldier fell he, to the last
Drawing from her the light by which he shined,
And knitting up his legend with the past.
Subdued to contemplation's wand
He set his compass by a star
And pondered ever the beyond
That lay behind the veils of war.
The Fate of Man, the mystic aim,
The unimaginable end,
Floats like an angel in the flame
Of every word he spoke or penned.
While the dictator's robe he wore
He was the poet of the poor.

Not unto us alone came he,
This prophet of humanity.
His was that fight at dawn that left us free
To meet the issue of these darker days.
Then too we battled for posterity.
And had we lost, the world to-day could raise
Its head no longer. Thus doth God appraise
So carefully the weights in either scale
That every ounce must count to make the truth prevail.

Such are our beacons; near them stand
A lesser yet illumined band,
Who of the self-same springs have drunk,
And through whose minds the stream has sunk
To water all the land.
The old heroic creed is taught
In every hamlet, grange and town,
And children lisp the giant thought
Of Franklin and of Hamilton.
The young were never steeped before
So deep in governmental lore.

What wonder that each shining rank
Of martial striplings takes its way
Handsome as Hermes, and as frank
As lads upon a holiday!
Think ye they do not understand
The mighty thing they have in hand?—
'Tis the religion of their land.

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And when that bell-like thunder-sound
Crashed on our shores and cried, Awake!
Thought ye no answering lightning should be found?
  Behold the answer! Look around.
Yea, and our winds to Europe take
Not soldiers merely—but the mind,
The deathless part that doth consist
In our soul's message,—the debate
Of life with death and love with hate,
Framed by our great protagonist
  To documents of state.
They speak our spirit; for he knew
The magic horn to wind
Of Lincoln and of Washington: he drew
As clear a note as ever trumpet blew,
While round the world the music flew
  That unified mankind.

Go, Western Warriors! Take the place
The ages have assigned you in a strife
Which to have died in were enough of life;
For you there waits a quest
  Such as no paladin or hero knew
Of all who lifted sword or wielded mace
Since George the Dragon slew;
For you a sacramental feast
Too rich, too happy, too fulfilled
Of all that man e'er craved or God hath willed,
  Too blessèd to be offered save to you.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

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ADVANCING ON DIFFICULTIES

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

To comprehend the operations of the War Department today, one must possess some familiarity with the things that have gone before. Throughout our history all our wars have been fought under the volunteer system, with all its attendant political and local influences. As a result of analysis of the past experiences of the nation, the opinion was general among military students that we should do away with the volunteer system and provide for the creation of a National Army, based upon the principle of universal military obligation. With the passing of the Civil War the belief prevailed that a nation possessed of two or three million men who had recently experienced military service in the field would be free from attack by any other nation or combination of nations, and it was quite impossible for the experienced generals of that conflict to exercise any material influence in making immediate provision for the future. For forty years this feeling continued to exist in our country and prevented any serious consideration of a modern military organization. The war with Spain found us still imbued with the ideas of 1861 so far as the organization of armies and the conducting of war are concerned. We proceeded to call for volunteers and took into service such minor parts of the militia as volunteered as organized bodies for service in that war.

The experiences of the nation in the war with Spain were not such as to give serious cause for rejoicing. No nation in Europe was less fitted to go to war at that time than Spain. Any of the modern military nations relying upon universal military service in the creation of their armies would have caused a very different termination had they been engaged with us in 1898. It is extremely fortunate

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for the nation that the lessons of that war were taken seriously to heart by military men and that they continued in and out of season, at every opportunity, to propound the doctrine that the obligations of citizenship included those of readiness to defend our liberties. While the sum total of success along these lines was not very great, as the result of much argument and pleading, Congress was induced to grant some of the powers which were so earnestly asked for by the War Department. It should be remembered, however, that Congress has steadily refused in recent years to heed the advice of military men to grant the large appropriations necessary to provide modern artillery and other instrumentalities of war which require a long time to produce. Even when war was declared, appropriations for the necessary preparations came slowly.

The creation of the Army War College in 1901 and the enactment of the provision for a General Staff in 1903, were the foundation stones on which we now rely for all the plans of organization and campaign with which we are about to enter the European conflict. The marked difference between our conduct of the present war and those which have occurred in the past is the businesslike way in which we are now proceeding to organize our armies upon a modern basis, and to arm and equip them in a manner which will give them an equal showing with the very efficient enemy with whom they are to contend for the mastery in France and Belgium. We had but recently reorganized the army upon the basis of the best military judgment for service on this continent, but the commissioners sent by the Allies to confer with this Government advised some temporary rearrangements for the trench warfare of the Western front. The necessity for a reorganization arose from the experience in the trenches where attacks with bombs, grenades and gas have become the ordinary and habitual means of fighting.

Interchangeability of ammunition demands modification of American firearms and consequent delay. It ought to be apparent to reasonable men that in preparing to fight with the Allies on the same front and practically in the same lines, interchangeability of ammunition is not only desirable but absolutely essential. In the minds of military men the delay to obtain this is justified from the point of view of business efficiency. These and many other things have been and are being done to insure victory, but neither in detail

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nor in whole has it been possible to make a public exhibit of all this work of preparation.

In the organization of the army which we are now sending to France, we will have Regulars, National Guard of the States called into the Federal service, and the National Army created by the draft. If the futility of this combination shall become apparent to all those who desire to have the nation's armies of the future organized in the simplest, most efficient and economical manner, the war will not have been in vain. The lessons already learned point definitely to such a reorganization when the war is over as will give a body of regulars to perform the police duties of peace with a sufficiently large skeletonized army to train and receive annually the young men of military age who should be prepared in time of peace to fulfill the important duties of war, and thereby save the abnormal expenses involved in hastily creating the great war machine which we are now undertaking to make available for the emergency. This does not involve militarism in the slightest degree.

To the trained military student, the course of the nation during the past few years, when confronted with the question of preparing for our possible entrance into the war, has been most pathetic. The long campaign of the pacifists led by well known men, many of them in public office, had cast a web of confusion over the minds of a considerable number of our people. The influence of this movement was apparent in much of the action of Congress during the three years' war in Europe, when we were on the verge of being forced into that conflict at every hour of the day. The resultant effect was to prevent the nation from adopting a reasonable system of military preparation, in the absence of which we have been forced to adopt all sorts of expedients and hurried measures of training.

In our nation there can never be that unanimity of purpose and patriotic feeling concerning war or any other great question, such as is found among other nations in which racial homogeneity prevails. With the great mixture of races in America have come many of the prejudices of the older nations, and the failure of recent immigrants to scatter broadcast through the country and become Americanized through association with natives stands in the way of the highest fulfillment of promise. Of these and the descendants of former immigrants the citizenship of our States is

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comprised. In many instances the foreign born and the children of foreign born parents constitute fifty per cent or more of the population of States. We have become accustomed to the use of the term "melting pot" when referring to the absorption of the overflowing mixture of races. It has become a question of deepest import that the basic element in and around the melting pot shall be one in which Americans of long established lineage shall preponderate. Otherwise the melting pot may produce a citizenship which neither comprehends nor venerates the sacrifices which were made by our forebears in the establishment of representative and constitutional government on this continent. The danger may be comprehended by an examination of the nationalities comprised in the pay roll of one of our large industrial plants of the Middle West for the month of August, 1917, showing the nationality and fluctuation of employes during that period:

Nationality	*Total at 1st of Month*	*Entering*	*Leaving*	*Total at end of Month*
American	1522	234	301	1455
Albanian	1	..	..	1
Austrian	91	15	16	90
Arabian	1	..	..	1
Armenian	142	54	75	121
Assyrian	1	2	1	2
Belgian	1	1	..	2
Bulgarian	17	4	5	16
Bohemian	4	9	2	11
Canadian	22	1	1	22
Croatian	280	106	66	320
Danish	9	3	1	11
English	28	8	4	32
German	49	6	6	49
Greek	641	167	197	611
Hollander	3	3	1	5
Hungarian	361	63	59	365
Irish	43	9	10	42
Italian	48	14	6	56
Jewish	11	2	2	11
Lithuanian	71	18	10	79
Norwegian	5	1	1	5
Polish	608	127	166	569
Persian.	1	..	..	1
Roumanian.	1252	137	187	1202
Russian	31	28	23	36
Scotch	28	2	2	28
Serbian	253	100	98	255
Slavish	249	39	46	242

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Nationality	*Total at 1st of Month*	*Entering*	*Leaving*	*Total at end of Month*
Spanish	8	2	2	8
Swede	68	9	16	61
Swiss	1	..	..	1
Welsh	9	1	1	9
Colored	433	259	356	336
Finlander	..	1	..	1
French	2	..	1	1
Mexican	..	19	4	15
	6294	1444	1666	6072

Total entering	1444
Total leaving	1666
Loss	222

Military students are confident that out of universal obligation to serve the Nation in war and the preparation beforehand to render such service, will come an influence tending to ameliorate the conditions resulting from too much segregation and isolation of foreign born men within our borders.

It cannot fail of recognition that many complications have arisen and will continue to arise through our failure to provide a national army before the crisis of war arrived. This failure is due to two causes, the opposition of the National Guard Association, and the inability of a majority of Congress to bring themselves to the belief that we were at the threshold of war. The trouble began some years ago when the active militia organizations secured a change of title to National Guard for the State troops. The writer has frankly contended for years that the title was a misnomer and a stumbling block in the path of a correct solution of our military problems.

It has been made apparent in many States that the departure of all the organized militia leaves the field open to disorders of all kinds and that this condition may be accentuated as the war progresses. A very few States have attempted to solve the problem by the creation of a constabulary, but there has been no uniform plan proposed or adopted. In more than four-fifths of the States the Legislatures meet once in two years and very few have annual sessions.

A correct military system would permit only those citizens who by reason of age or physical condition are not qualified for military service, to enter the State force, which

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should be in name and character Home Guards, not National Guard. The support of the nation's army should fall equally upon all the people. This is not the case under the existing system because some States are heavily taxed for brigades and divisions, while some have practically no tax for State troops.

In the past, few National Guard regiments have been able to attain the strength regarded as essential for proper drill and training. In war it will be necessary to make up the deficiency by assignment of drafted men. It will be quite impossible for those who have been associated with the original National Guard organizations to render justice to the drafted men in the distribution of offices. Political authorities are quite certain to continue their interest in the wishes and welfare of the National Guard, without any corresponding interest in the drafted men.

It is certain that the National Guard organizations will give a good account of themselves in the war, individually and collectively, and that they will come home with an *esprit de corps* exalted by the ordeal of battle and the hardships of campaign. This, to them, happy result will make it all the more difficult to secure a correct American military system, for our political history establishes that where one Congressman will study and vote for a measure of national welfare, nine will endeavor to so align their action that they will not offend any organization of men within their districts. This is entirely human and one of the evils of the elective system which must be accepted with the innumerable benefits of representative government. The army and the National Guard have never been aligned under the banners of any party, and National Guardsmen have never been won from their individual political faith although their ballots have been brazenly sought on occasions in return for political assistance in matters of legislation.

These are mere suggestions of the things encountered by a nation which has refused to listen to those who have urged preparation for the inevitable conflicts which the working out of the destiny of a people enforces upon them. There is no cause to be disheartened. On the contrary there is much to be thankful for. Under the volunteer system no American general was ever able to bring a reasonable proportion of his army to the battlefield at the critical moment. Under the draft system, with the strategy of the coming

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war in the hands of the General Staff, and the munitions safeguarded by groups of patriotic men selected by reason of recognized and proved business ability, it is made certain that the nation will steadily move forward to a condition of preparation which will enable it, not only to take its place in the battle lines of the Allies, but to stay there performing its full share in breaking down the human wall which must be crushed before the German people will feel the need for peace upon the terms which will be demanded and enforced by practically all the other civilized nations. Anything short of this accomplishment will fail to satisfy civilization for the interruption of its upward course. Then will come a readjustment of the affairs of the nations whose financial and blood sacrifices have both drained and ennobled them. Our soldiers will come home from the war uplifted by the knowledge of having rendered the state some service in the hour of world peril and they will be better Americans for it.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

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THE REAL PROBLEM OF ALSACE-LORRAINE

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE question of Alsace-Lorraine is usually and justly spoken of in terms of politics and sentiment. And these undoubtedly are the aspects that have made it for over forty years the true pivot of all European affairs. The incurable antagonisms which resulted from Germany's determination to hold Alsace-Lorraine and from the silent but passionate longing of France to regain her lost provinces have been the root cause of all the alliances, all the diplomatic adventures, all the groupings and re-groupings of the Powers, and especially of the monstrous growth of armaments, that have made up the sorry tale of Europe during the past four decades. So far as the measureless cataclysm in which the whole world is now engulfed can be traced back to any single source, that source is Alsace-Lorraine. Europe had no chance of a sane and stable peace so long as the greatest nation in Europe could neither forget nor forgive the brutal injury of which she had been the victim. France is not fighting to-day for conquest but for justice and restitution. What the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine may mean to her commercially and materially she neither knows nor cares. The impulse that fires and sustains her people is the resolve to right the wrong of 1870 and to reunite to *la patrie* the cherished and essential parts that were wrenched from it. And that resolve will either be realized to the full or France is crushed and the Allies lose the war.

But Alsace-Lorraine, though this is little known or recognized, is even more a many-sided problem of international and competitive industry than of politics or sentiment. People who have not looked into it imagine that to restore the provinces to France will settle the whole question. On the contrary it will only settle part of it, and not perhaps the

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most important part. No one can begin to understand all that is involved in this matter unless he has a clear idea of what the possession of Alsace-Lorraine has meant to German industrialism and of the complex and critical consequences to Germany, to France and to Great Britain that must follow from another change of sovereignty.

When Moltke in 1870 insisted upon, and Bismarck against his better judgment assented to, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the main thought in their minds was that of securing a strategic frontier. They secured, though they did not know it at the time, something far more valuable than that, something that has proved the base on which Germany has built up her towering fabric of prosperity and power, something without which Germany could not have begun this war or could not have waged it for six months. They secured the largest deposit of iron ore in Europe and the second largest in the world, surpassed in value and extent only by the Lake Superior deposit in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The soil of the lost provinces has made Germany's fortunes. She has derived from it her metallurgical ascendancy, the motive power for her industries, her wealth, and as a consequence her naval, military and political power.

The area covered by this deposit embraces the Longwy and Briey districts in France, now occupied by the German armies, and portions of German Lorraine, of Luxemburg, and of Belgium, also for the moment in German possession. If Germany could secure a peace based on her present military position the whole of this wealth of iron ore, estimated at some 5,000,000,000 tons, would pass under her control. As it is, rather more than half the deposit is supposed to lie on the French side of the border and rather less than half in German Lorraine and Luxemburg. That being so, it may be asked why Germany, when she had the chance in 1870, did not annex the entire ore-yielding area instead of allowing it to be divided between France and herself. The answer is that she would undoubtedly have done so had she realized the value of her treasure-trove. But forty-seven years ago metallurgists generally regarded phosphoric ores, which formed the greater part of the Lorraine strata, as worthless and unworkable. The Germans seized everything that in the then state of science was known to be profitable and relinquished the rest to the French. But less than five years

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later the mining industry was revolutionized by the discovery of a process for dephosphorizing ores. Instantly the value of the ferruginous districts annexed by the Germans was indefinitely multiplied. But at the same time the portions of the basin they had contemptuously allowed to remain in the possession of the French were redeemed at a stroke from comparative worthlessness to a rich productivity.

There are reckoned to be 2,800 million tons of iron ore in all Germany. Of these Lorraine alone is responsible for some 2,000 millions or five-sevenths of the Empire's total supply. When Germany hypothecated the Lorraine beds they were yielding about 500,000 tons of ore a year. In 1875 they still yielded less than three-quarters of a million. Then came Thomas's discovery of the dephosphorizing process and the figures shot up like a rocket until in the year before the war the Germans were extracting from Lorraine over 21,000,000 tons of ore, more than three-fifths of which was produced by the Thomas method. Up to 1903 Germany had no need to import from abroad a single ton of ore. Lorraine alone enabled her to maintain for thirty years an unprecedented industrial expansion. But whether the pace abnormally quickened some ten years before the war, or whether she had commenced to prepare for its outbreak, or whether the Lorraine ores began to deteriorate, Germany between 1903 and 1913 was buying ore abroad in increasing quantities. About one-third of her total consumption was imported from foreign countries in the year preceding the war. That supply has, of course, for the most part been cut off and for the past three years Germany has depended almost entirely on the Lorraine mines for the iron and steel which are the basis of all modern warfare. She has got some from the occupied districts of France and Belgium and Luxemburg, but from three-fifths to four-fifths of her output during the war has come from Lorraine. Without the production of the provinces she snatched from France forty-seven years ago Germany would long since have exhausted her capacity for turning out the material of war. Liberate those provinces from her clutch—with their 21,000,000 tons of iron ore a year, their 19,000,000 tons of iron smeltings, their 19,000,000 tons of steel smeltings, and the useful coal fields of the Sarre valley—and a long step has been taken towards binding her down to peace.

Most of the ore found in the Lorraine basin on both sides

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of the frontier is inferior to the Lake Superior deposits and the grade varies considerably from one district to another. From 30 to 40 per cent may be taken as an average of the iron content. But there are compensating advantages in that, by properly blending the ore from different districts, it has been found possible to secure a mixture containing the essential slag-forming elements. In other words, this self-fluxing feature offsets to some extent the comparatively low value in iron. Moreover as the ore is highly phosphoric, the resultant slag makes a much sought after and profitable fertilizer. America, for instance, in 1913 imported 15,000 tons of basic slag, valued at $10 per ton, and in the following year 74,588 tons valued at $20 per ton; while Russia just before the war was importing rather more than 180,000 tons a year. The bulk of this came from Germany, which in 1912 exported 290,000 tons and nearly as much in 1913. The Lorraine ores, in short, have yielded her as a mere by-product an abundant supply of fertilizer for her own domestic use and for export abroad.

It has been already remarked that, taking the ferruginous district as a whole, rather more than half of it lies on the French side of the border and rather less than half in German Lorraine and Luxemburg. The proportion of existing iron ore reserves in favor of France has even been put as high as 59 per cent of the total. The figure is a comforting one until we remember that the Briey basin, from which in 1913 was extracted no less than nine-tenths of the entire French output of iron ore, is now in German occupation. Then it takes on a somewhat sinister significance not only in relation to the immediate purposes of the war but as a measure of the determined efforts which Germany will undoubtedly put forth, first, to retain Alsace-Lorraine; secondly, to add to it by another annexation the rich ore-bearing districts just across the French frontier which she now holds. But whatever be the precise relative value of the German and the French reserves of ore, it is the fact that in 1913 Alsace-Lorraine equalled the whole French output of pig-iron and produced by itself only one-third less steel than all the French steel works combined.

One reason for this—and it is a reason that goes to the root of the problem we are now considering—is that France is badly off for, while Germany and Belgium are well provided with, coking coal. Now in iron smelting it is almost

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an axiom that the ore, being the more valuable product and better able to stand the cost of transport, must be brought to the coal, and not the coal to the ore. A very large proportion, therefore, of the French ore was smelted into pig iron in the blast furnaces of Germany and of Belgium, much to the advantage of the iron industries in both of these countries, but of doubtful benefit to France. Had the French Government been more alert to what was going on, had they realized the importance of the iron industry to France, or set to work to encourage the development of French iron smelting, they might in a large degree have counteracted the unhealthy conditions which enabled Germany and Belgium to flourish on the raw material exported to them from France.

The general outline of the issue that the war is shaping and will determine thus becomes clear. Suppose Germany were to win and were to annex the greater half of the ferruginous basin that lies on French soil. Territorially it would be a very small acquisition. Economically its value would be inestimable. It would mean that after the war Germany would be able to raise some 46,000,000 tons of iron ore a year while the French output would be reduced to a bare 4,000,000 tons. Suppose, on the other hand, that the Allied victory is as complete as we all intend it shall be and that Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France. The situation in that case would be almost precisely reversed. France would be in a position to extract about 43,000,000 tons of ore a year, and Germany would have to remain satisfied with a maximum yield of some 8,000,000 tons. No blow could more effectually cripple German industrialism, and with it Germany's capacity to organize another war, than the loss of the Lorraine ore beds; and nothing could so certainly and so speedily re-establish the economic equilibrium of France as to regain possession of them. In the fate of Alsace-Lorraine there is involved nothing less than the industrial primacy of Europe.

Even, however, when France has resumed her rightful ownership of the lost provinces and in doing so has become the supreme store-house of iron ore on the Continent, the coal problem will still remain. Not only will it remain; it will be aggravated—and in a form that will ask for its right solution from both the French and the British Governments a high degree of commercial diplomacy. We have seen

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already that her deficiency in coking coal practically compelled France to send her ore to be smelted in Belgium and Germany. When the addition of the Lorraine beds has virtually doubled the output of ore, her need of coal will be proportionately greater and more urgent. Where is she to get it from? Great Britain or Germany? Wales and Northumberland or Westphalia? From her Ally with whom a mutually advantageous bargain can be struck, or from her enemy who will certainly use his supply of coal as a magnet to attract French ore, to build up anew his iron and steel industries, and to dominate French metallurgy in the future as in the past? It is clearly an almost vital interest both for France and Great Britain that the formation of a huge Franco-German cartel, based on the reciprocal exchange of coal for ore, should be prevented, that we should ourselves supply France with the coke that will enable her to do her own smelting, and that we should take from her in return the iron ore that we now import from Sweden.

France before the war consumed some 62,000,000 tons of coal a year. Of these she raised herself 41,000,000 tons and imported 21,000,000, about half of which came from Great Britain and the remainder from Germany and Belgium. With the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine she will require at the least 40,000,000 tons a year extra. What sources of supply can she look to? There are coal mines in Lorraine itself but they produced before the war less than 3,500,000 tons per annum. There is a much more important coal field in the little valley of the Sarre which spreads out beyond the northern border of Lorraine, which used to be a French possession up to 1815, and which M. Ribot a few weeks ago intimated that France will claim to have returned to her in the terms of settlement. These Sarre mines are good perhaps for an annual output of 15,000,000 tons. There are other mines in Normandy and elsewhere in France that might be further developed. France, again, has a supply of unused water power that has been estimated as the equivalent of 9,000,000 tons of coal; and French diplomacy is hopeful of creating a self-governing buffer-State on the left bank of the Rhine that will allow her a tariff-free access to the very considerable coal-fields that will be contained within its boundaries.

But it is obvious that the availability of many of these sources of supply is dubious and speculative. France may

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not get the Sarre valley; the buffer-State of her dreams may prove impossible of realization; her own resources of coal or its equivalent in water power may turn out to be less productive than some enthusiastic Frenchmen at present suspect. In which case she will have to depend for the coke to convert her old and her new deposits of ore either on Westphalia or on Great Britain. From Westphalia it will be forthcoming only on terms that compel France to furnish the raw material for the German iron and steel trades. From Great Britain, if we are alert enough to understand and to seize our opportunity, it can be had without any onerous conditions, without any future backfire, and in a way that will work out to the commercial and political advantage of both countries.

For this end, being assured beforehand of the hearty cooperation of the French, what we in Great Britain have to do is to devise the ways and means of transporting our coal to the Lorraine basin at prices that will compete successfully with the Westphalian mine-owners. The French experts who look ahead and who have interested themselves in the question have suggested various plans for achieving this object. The object itself is perfectly attainable. Even before the war some British coal found its way to the Lorraine beds and it is no more impossible for ships to carry coal from Newcastle to Lorraine and bring back iron ore, than Herr Thyssen found it to carry Westphalian coal to Normandy and load up with iron ore for the return trip to Bremerhaven and Hamburg. The thing can be done. But it cannot be done unless shipping and railway rates are radically altered and the problems of loading and unloading are thoroughly mastered. There are schemes that have been proposed for erecting plants in northern France for transforming British coal into coke and for transporting it thence quickly and cheaply to the French blast furnaces. With another type of ship or barge and a more intensive study than either the French or the British people have yet given to the possibilities of inland navigation, British coal might also, it has been suggested, be carried up the Seine into the heart of France, or down the northern French and Belgian waterways to the neighborhood of the ore fields.

Diplomacy, too, has a great work before it in this connection. The victory of the Allies will be robbed of one of its chief rewards if it does not end in making the Rhine and

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its contributory system of canals and rivers an international waterway and thus open up to the outside world equal access to Central Europe. The Germans who have splendidly developed the navigation of the Rhine as far as Strassburg —have made it, indeed, a sort of interior ocean with ports that boast a greater tonnage than London—have always been curiously reluctant to improve the Lorraine waterways. Whether they were anxious not to set up a competitor with Westphalia, or whether they hesitated to develop a district which might one day pass again into French hands, the fact remains that in spite of many local petitions and of the comparatively small outlay that would be required, they have steadily refused to canalize either the Moselle or the Sarre. If the Rhine were made an international waterway the products of the Lorraine ore beds would quickly find a new and cheaper outlet, and British exports could reach the lost provinces without breaking bulk.

It has been shown, then, that Germany for forty-five years has built up her industrial and military position on the output of the Lorraine ore fields. If those ore fields are taken from her possession a staggering and apparently an irreparable blow will be struck at the very root of her prosperity and success. That blow she can partially counter by supplying German coal in return for French ore. It is to the interest both of France and of Great Britain that this loophole should be blocked. If it is allowed to remain open, and if large and profitable commercial relations are recreated between France and Germany, the danger is great that France may again be drawn into the German net. Great Britain therefore, the only other considerable source of supply in Europe, must bestir herself to furnish France with the indispensable coking coal in order to save her from being compelled to obtain it from Germany. Great Britain, again, must import iron ore from France in order to relieve her of the necessity of selling it to Germany; and France, one may be quite confident, stands ready to co-operate towards these two ends by such improvements in her internal water transport and her railway rate schedules as will facilitate the export of ore and the import of coal and coke. The question is more than one of pounds and francs and more than one of seizing and holding a commanding position in the fight for trade that will reopen when the war itself is over. It is more even than a question of uniting France and Great

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Britain in the development of an industry that under their control will never be used for any but the peaceful purposes of commerce. It is a question of making it impossible for Germany ever to go to war again. Without Lorraine her career of conquest and spoliation comes automatically to a stop. With Lorraine it will always be within her power to resume it.

But though the problem of the lost provinces thus derives its chief importance from the ore fields of Lorraine they are not the only source of wealth that the French will find waiting for them when they resume possession. The spinning and weaving factories of Alsace, being easily destructible, had better perhaps be left out of the reckoning. Of more account is the oil field at Pechelbronn which is the only large petroleum well in the German Empire and the loss of which will be greatly felt. But far transcending spindles, looms and oil wells in value and significance are the deposits of potash salts that were discovered in the forest of Monnenbruch, nearly at the foot of Hartmansweilerkopf, some twelve or thirteen years ago. The first shaft for their extraction was completed in 1909 and in the following year 37,000 tons of crude salts were recovered. Since then the number of mines has increased to over twelve and investigations indicate that the potash deposits cover an area of seven square miles and range in thickness from six to thirty feet. By 1913 Alsace was already producing about 5 per cent of the total German output.

How far the field extends and what is its productive capacity cannot as yet be known with any precision. But the area that has already been developed, less than one-tenth of the estimated whole, has been judged to contain 300,000,000 tons of pure potash, valued at £700,000,000. The deposits which would, of course, pass into French possession with the restoration of Alsace, have an importance apart from their financial value. Hitherto the only workable and remunerative deposits of potassium salts have been those near Stassfurt in Saxony. Germany has thus held a world-monopoly of a salt which forms one of the most essential plant foods and is put to a dozen different commercial uses. About 90 per cent of the potash produced is used in agriculture, Germany retaining for home consumption over half of the entire output. Next to Germany the United States is the largest user of potash. She imports every year from

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Germany about 600,000 tons and it has been estimated that had she her own source of supply in her own soil she would consume nearly twenty times as much. The whole world is at this moment literally starving for potash and when the war is over the whole world will have to pay ransom for it to Germany at Germany's own price. The discovery, therefore, of deposits that, while small compared with the Stassfurt fields, are still large enough to break the German monopoly, is an event of real moment. And the chance that has placed them in Alsace and revealed them just in time to enable France to step into full possession of so valuable an asset is a happy circumstance in which the whole world, outside of Germany and her Allies, will find a grim satisfaction.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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SOME WAR REALITIES

BY DEMETRIUS BOULGER

THE United States have now entered the War on the side of Right, and it is my opinion that if it is to be won handsomely and thoroughly as a permanent achievement for the benefit of mankind, it is they who will have to win it. I do not flinch from the logical corollary of that view which is that we were and still are in peril of a peace that would restore the situation to the basis of things prior to August 4, 1914. From such an ignominious peace, which would carry in its womb endless quarrels arising from the shattered confidence of the Allied Nations in each other, it is the privilege as it will be the glory of the United States to save the world.

I am appealing then to the hospitality of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as an old contributor, to let me say my say unshackled and freely, so that I may bring home to the American people some of the realities of the War upon which they have not lightly, and, I have no doubt, not irresolutely, embarked. These realities will not be found in any official document; they would not come from the mouths of those responsible for the succession of blunders that have marked the British Government's conduct of the war during the last three years—blunders which are still in full swing, and which threaten us with exhaustion by endless repetition. I do not use these words lightly or without a full sense of responsibility. Prussian Germany must be crushed and annihilated. That is not the spirit in which the war has been waged on this side, at least by England. Many public men have stated that the German people, who have perpetrated every outrage under the sun, are good people and that we have no quarrel with them, and these worthy gentlemen in a lofty spirit of complete detachment from the strife add that they look forward to the time when friendly relations will be

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restored! That is not the spirit in which such a war as the one in progress could ever be won; those are not the men either to win it or to conclude a satisfactory peace. These views, this spirit of myopic vision, provide the imperative reasons for the United States Government to concentrate its attention on the real and not the side issues of the great struggle, and to bring all its forces to bear on the point where success can alone give a decisive result.

Before proceeding further I must give some credentials to entitle me to a hearing from the great American public. Many years before this World-struggle began—I could quote back to the Venezuela business when the German Emperor commenced his intrigues to raise trouble between the two English speaking nations—I predicted that the United States must and would take part in baffling Germany's design to add naval supremacy to that she had acquired on land. The following extract from an article published in October, 1911 (see *England's Arch-Enemy*) may suffice:

"It is no longer only Europe that has to be taken into account. Do the Berlin Authorities think that America will not have her say in the matter? Distance is being annihilated and Germany flatters herself if she imagines that the United States will stand by while a new aggressive force is brought into being on the Eastern shore-line of the Atlantic. The first naval reverse to England—which has yet to occur—would be the signal for the American battleships to steam for Europe. The German dream of ocean dominion is unattainable. It would be a menace to everybody, and therefore the whole world will combine against and destroy it."

The United States enter the struggle at a moment when the consequences of the numerous mistakes committed would be most visible if they were not covered over as far as possible by official suppression, and if all description and discussion of them were not vigorously forbidden and summarily stifled. Hence springs this appeal beyond the range of official restriction to the English-reading world of free nations. But of all those mistakes the most fatal has been the inability to grasp the main object of the struggle and to concentrate all the Allied forces on its attainment. Thus a large number of minor problems extending to Asia and Africa have been raised to undue importance, and the public mind has been so filled and so disturbed by the multitude of operations undertaken that it is unable to appreciate the

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difference between success on the Tigris and on the Meuse, and has forgotten altogether that decisive success is to be obtained only on the Rhine. Successes in many scattered and remote scenes will be of no avail in regard to the main issue, if decisive victory over the chief adversary and criminal is not attained. Only one result can compensate us for all our sacrifices. That is the overthrow and downfall of Prussia. Nothing else will count. If the United States allow themselves to be led away by any lure or appeal from the main purpose and chief justification of this War to side issues they will only add to the prevalent haze in the political atmosphere, contribute another element to the confusion bred of cross purposes, secret motives and fears, and the incapacity to measure rival forces and chances, and in the result they will achieve little or nothing of durable, decisive value. Clear vision, concentration and not dispersion of military and naval power, and finally the iron resolution not to be turned aside by any argument or entreaty, but to go straight for the one main goal, are the requirements of the hour. The war is not to be won at Constantinople or at Trieste, much less in Mesopotamia and Syria. It can only be gained on the middle Rhine.

The first reality that the United States have to confront and reckon with is the true military position in Europe—not the position painted by politicians for the satisfaction, quietude and lightly gained applause of the crowd.

When the war began the Government of Britain was composed of men who, without exception, had gone out of their way on every possible occasion to express their belief in the pacific intentions of Germany. They had cringed to the Emperor William—dubbed the Champion of Peace! They had sent their accredited representative, Lord Haldane, to Berlin to promote an Anglo-German entente; at the Foreign Office they had concluded more than one Convention—drafted and initialled—with the German Ambassador, and if they had possessed the powers subsequently conferred by the Defence of the Realm Act there is no doubt they would have sent every one who disagreed with them, and who strove to arouse the country to the perfidy of Prussia, to prison. Their persistent and systematic defamation of Lord Roberts—a man whose boots not one of them was worthy to unlace—was infamous, and will some day or other when the country realizes the truth be denounced as it de-

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serves. The culminating act of their folly was the decision of the Cabinet majority—13 out of 17—on Sunday, August 2nd, to refrain from intervention unless Germany invaded Belgium. She had already broken the neutrality of Luxembourg, but as Bismarck cynically observed in 1867, when the London Convention was signed, "this guarantee at least does not bind any of the guarantors to go to the defence of the Grand Duchy." Two days later Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, leaving the most craven no alternative but to act—thus saving the honor of England.

The war began. The Government which had neither foreseen nor provided for it declared "this is our war" and "we intend to conduct it ourselves." As a matter of fact, they had as much idea of the sort of war that confronted them as any other party of old gentlemen chosen haphazard might have had, and indeed the advantage would have been with the latter, for they would at least have been untrammelled by the speeches and interviews and pledges of the politicians in office. They had amenable to their authority a very fine army, but one of exceedingly limited numerical strength, and they threw it recklessly, heedlessly, ignorantly and piecemeal across the Channel to cope with the unknown. They had no idea of the strength of the forces that were being brought against it. This fatuous self-complacency extended throughout the world of bureaucracy. I speak of what I know when I say that on 17th August the Germans were moving four army corps across the Ardennes—and that was a minor operation—but the intelligence was derided as an invention in official quarters. It was none the less true and the numbers of the corps are now on record for history. So in the same way when General French had 55,000 men at the front behind Mons on August 19th, and only 80,000 in all under his orders on the 24th, the statement was again derided that six army corps were assigned to deal with his army, and as many more to capture Namur and drive the French from Charleroi and the Sambre. The French, too, had only 60,000 men behind the Sambre, and a still smaller force on the Semois based on Sedan and Montmédy. Against these troops the Germans brought fifteen army corps in addition to the Guard corps. It is true that once the French command realized that the main attack was coming from the north and not from the east large forces were massed to cover Paris, and the battles of the Marne and the Aisne fol-

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lowed. But none the less it was nothing short of a miracle that the small British regular army was not annihilated in the first stage, that is prior to September 1st, as the German Emperor foreshadowed in his boastful order to Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria.

Notwithstanding this rude introduction to the great struggle the same directors of our public affairs were left to strive for victory and to bring about some sort of resurrection out of the national catastrophe. They had called in Lord Kitchener, and his task was to create a new army out of the Territorial force and all available elements. But he was not merely to provide the means of defeating the enemy, he was also to save the Voluntary system. The word Conscription was a bugbear to the professional politician, and those in office thought more of reserving their Party shibboleths than of defeating the enemy. Lord Kitchener accepted the mission as the servant of the Cabinet, and at the same time he fettered his action by putting on the gyves of red tape that were to prolong the Voluntary system and avert Conscription and compulsion until the eleventh hour, which is proverbially, and was in this instance almost fatally, too late. But at the same time he saw from the start that time would be necessary to give results. He specified three years, but he does not seem to have meant that the War would be over in that period, but rather that his country would then be in a position to take a worthy part in it. But long before that period expired recourse had to be made to compulsion, but here again, owing to Party exigencies and as the price of retaining the Irish Vote, Ireland was exempted from its effect by one of the most discreditable transactions in the history of any Nation. The Empire suffered, but inevitably Ireland herself must suffer most of all from the recoil, for her credit before the Areopagus of the Nations has been lowered, and we of Irish race must writhe under the stigma that Celts could play the game of Teutons instead of seizing them by the throats.

But while the soldiers were content to wait the politicians were not. There was not the requisite number of men, there was not the essential supply of munitions, to drive the Germans out of France and Belgium; but there were ample means available for adventures of the second order in different parts of the world. Here at least it was thought were openings for success that should show what clever people

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held places in the Cabinet, and convince the easily gulled and ignorant public that the war was being won. Hence arose the expeditions to the Dardanelles, to Mesopotamia, to Palestine. Here the Turk was the foe, not the German, and of the many stupendous errors made at Whitehall the most stupendous was the inexcusable disparagement of Turkey's military power. On that point I could a tale unfold of ignorant estimates and rash assumptions, but it would serve no useful purpose.

Each premeditated scene of a triumph furnished that of a disaster. That of the Dardanelles and the Gallipoli peninsula can never be described without tears for the brave lives squandered, and execrations for the criminals who sent them to their doom. Nor was the Mesopotamia blunder much less disastrous and wicked. The capture of Bagdad does not wipe out the memory of Kut. Its effect is the less because Bagdad looks as if it too may prove a trap even more fatal than Kut. At any rate success on the Tigris exercises no influence on the progress of the War. The scheme of an Arab kingdom is summer madness, and has directly or indirectly locked up three British armies on the Tigris, at Gaza and at Salonika. There was but one British general to oppose the whole of this Quixotic business, Sir John Maxwell, who rightly declared that the only sound course was to stand on the defensive in the Sinai peninsula, guard the Canal and let the Turks come and turn us out if they could. General Maxwell was transferred from Egypt, which he knew, to Ireland, which he did not know. These proceedings were worthy of the old Aulic Council in Vienna.

When history comes to be written it will be recorded that there was one other soldier who was opposed to all these remote, ill-considered and foolish adventures, but he was not English. Joffre, now Marshal of France, never wavered in his view that the war must be won in Flanders and Lorraine, and that nowhere else could it be won at all.

But it has been said by way of explanation and in extenuation of these errors of judgment that all these operations, lying outside the central theatre of War, are Britain's own affairs, and do not concern her Allies. It was also contended, until events made the plea ridiculous, that they did not affect her fighting strength in Western Europe. These were the side shows that the British Government claimed

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the right to allow themselves because they would not detract from the fighting strength in Picardy and Flanders. But this argument collapsed when in November and December, 1915, nine divisions *at least* were detached from General French's army to proceed to Salonika and Egypt, and when twelve months later, almost to the week, five at least were detached from General Haig's forces for the same destination. The side shows, then, have been and are a drain; efficient and valuable soldiers in France have filled the hospitals in the Near East with malaria-stricken victims (euphemistically called sufferers from trench-fever), and the sapping of our power in those directions must continue as long as we cling to the view that the result of the War can be influenced by anything that happens away from the Western Front, taking it at its extreme breadth from Nieuport to Trieste.

Nor should it be forgotten that each man landed on the shores of the Ægean or the Levant represents ten times the effort to deposit him in France—each ton of munitions or stores not less than a hundred times the corresponding effort. And tonnage is scarce and costly. With regard to the Tigris and Mesopotamia the effort was and is still greater, for the men and the stores come from England. Prolongation of these efforts will only raise fresh instances to support the story of the task of Sisyphus. The only chance of averting a catastrophe is to win the war quickly where it can alone be won.

In order to appreciate the realities of the War we must eliminate the unrealities. They are present in every scene outside France and Belgium. If the reader will reflect for a moment he will conclude for himself how largely they have permeated and affected British action from the beginning. Nor have they been confined to the field of arms, although of course it is difficult in such a struggle as the present to draw a clear dividing line between the diplomatic and military operations. The Constantinople affair is a case in point. The British Government agreed with Russia in the time of the ex-Czar to waive its old objections to Russia taking possession of Tsargrad and the narrow straits to the Mediterranean. But it did not bind itself to take Constantinople from the Turks and to present it on a salver at Petrograd. Yet that was what it attempted to do, and it was a just retribution when, by the turn of the political wheel and Czar Nicholas being got rid of, the Russian people ex-

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claimed, and very impolitely too, '*We* don't want Tsargrad, or, if you prefer to call it Constantinople, at all!' Greece holds the legitimate claim to the reversion of Byzantium. The German Emperor saw more clearly when spurning the trammels of his Turkish alliance he promised his brother-in-law Tino that this should be his prize and reward. The Turks, like the English, seem rather short-sighted.

But enough of the unrealities of the past, let us turn to the realities of the present and the future. The United States come into the struggle at least with a clear mind and a clean slate. They have the conduct and the experience of the Allies to profit by and to stand before them as a warning. They have had no opportunity to commit any blunders of their own and they should know how to avoid those we have committed. What has been the root cause of those blunders? Underrating the enemy. It will not be forgotten that Germany was to be beaten by 'silver bullets,' that she was to be reduced to helplessness by the want of war necessaries and food in the first year despite the most lax blockade that was ever devised by a Foreign Office, and if Germany was to be quickly reduced to dire straits how much worse was the fate pronounced for Austria! Why, she was wiped off the slate in December, 1914, and yet in 1917 she seems as full of vigor as any of the belligerents. And if the Germanic Powers were underrated, how much have calculations been out with regard to Bulgaria and Turkey. Bulgaria has not known defeat and holds much of Serbia and most of Macedonia in her hands. Turkey has provided masses of troops in Europe as well as Asia. They are to be found on the Russian front as well as on the proper boundaries of the Sultan's dominions. I believe that a new army of half a million men is being trained in Anatolia and Palestine to swell the millions already under the Green Flag and the Crescent, and as fighters they are of the best.

Nor is the reality fairly faced in the West. I do not wish to lay too much stress on the evident fact that the line from Nieuport to Belfort is, practically speaking, where it was on January 1, 1915. It has zigzagged a little, and in Flanders and Artois it has in 1917 moved slightly in our favor, but substantially the position is the same. Why is this? The strength of the enemy has been underrated. No military authority has placed it above three and one-half million men in Belgium and Northern France; but my own

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estimate is that there are five million Germans between the Channel and Metz, and if this view is correct they have a numerical superiority over the combined Anglo-French armies. It is quite true that behind these men there is now no considerable reserve, and we may assume that the annual contingent no longer provides more than half a million men. Hindenburg's boast that Germany's losses in a year do not exceed the addition gained by increased population is already untrue, and must become more and more opposed to the truth as the struggle continues. Still if on balance Great Britain had a larger untouched reserve than Germany— and this would be made considerable by the prompt application of conscription to Ireland— it is clear that on the side of Germany there are sufficient men to continue the war for as many years at least as it has already been in progress. Nothing but the arrival in Europe of a very large American army by the spring of 1918 can turn the scale decisively and bring the end of the war nearer by several years.

The prolongation of the war has been due to our mistakes as much as to the strength of Germany. But for these mistakes we should have been further advanced towards the end. But for them victory might have been in sight before the collapse of Russia, and the worst military consequences of the Russian Revolution averted. An army that is winning either by its own or its Allies' efforts thinks more of its reputation than one that has to give up ground after immense losses, and that sees no prospect of success before it either directly or indirectly. Of these mistakes not the least glaring have been the dispersal of our efforts and forces, the squandering of first-rate military power on foolish, costly and unsuccessful enterprises, and the complete failure to grasp the true strategical problem set us. No one, not even Lord Kitchener, on our side has revealed the capacity to take a comprehensive view of the War as a whole, and to detect where victory would give the greatest results. Such hosts of armed men never confronted each other before, and yet not a Napoleon of even a minor order of genius has revealed himself.

Such strategical skill and insight as has been displayed during the war have been shown entirely on the side of the Germans. This may be due to the natural and fundamental advantage derived from a single and central control. For the greater part of the War, in fact until the accession of

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the Austrian Emperor Charles, the German Emperor was in chief command not only of his own but also of his Allies' armies. They manœuvred and operated to suit his plans and in obedience to his orders. This gave his side an immense advantage; and even now if he has to show more consideration for the needs and more deference for the views of the Hapsburg ruler, he still possesses in the main the central direction and moves the pieces on the board as he chooses. The result is that the German plans have harmonized much more than those of the Allies, and what is most important in the conduct of war, Germany has retained the command of the offensive. It is said that she is now losing it, and it may be true in some theatres of the war, but not in all. What is nearer the truth is to say that she is content to stand on the defensive in the West, while she resorts to the offensive on the Eastern front and in the Balkans. But at any moment she can change her ground. Her capacity to choose her course does not appear as yet to be seriously hampered. In other words, if she does not retain full command of the offensive no one has wrested it from her. Even when the Allies attack it is well known long before the event that the blow is coming, whereas her offensive still retains much of the suddenness and unexpectedness essential to success. The German Powers have the two immense advantages derived from the central position and the central direction of military operations. Nothing has yet happened to diminish those advantages, and every mistake made by their opponents reveals how much they count towards the ultimate decision of the War.

I have written enough to draw attention to some at least of the realities of the struggle which is to be concluded only by the triumph or the ending of all civilization, and therefore I refrain from darkening the picture by referring to Russia. As I never believed in her winning the war for her Allies, and ridiculed at the time the optimistic views of 1914 (how long ago it seems!), that her armies would be in Berlin in a few weeks, her collapse is no great disappointment for me. She may recover to take part in a later phase of the War, but meantime the strain will increase in Western Europe, and the United States must not delay in the dispatch of her sorely needed legions. This brings me to the main point of my argument and the definite purpose that dictates the composition of this paper.

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The aid that the United States will send to Europe, whether it be one of a million men or of several millions, will be efficacious in exact proportion to the skill and knowledge with which it is directed. I am not referring to either tactical or strategical problems, but to common sense, and common sense seems from the conduct of the war to be still the rarest of mental qualities. If that force, whatever may be its total strength, is broken up into detached bodies for different destinations, or if it is concentrated in the wrong region, then its influence on the future of the war will be very greatly diminished and everything will go awry. The statement made in Europe with every appearance of authority that some of the American troops would be sent to Italy, some to Russia, and some even to Turkey seems to have been an astute invention of the enemy; but it may be reiterated that the war is to be won in none of these directions, and if these were to be their true destinations then the American troops had better stay at home. But if America is alive to the insidious suggestions of the foe working through hidden channels she may not be prepared to resist the blandishments of her friends. A great effort will be made to associate the American army with the British, and to induce the American Government to order its concentration near that apex of Flemish territory on the northwestern front where the British army has stood from the beginning.

The objections to that course are two-fold. The lesser of the two objections is that if this plan were adopted the American army would find itself committed to the continuance of the frontal attack and trench warfare that has gone on for three years. The Germans would thus have to be expelled from their strongest and best prepared positions. This would mean a protracted and most costly campaign or series of campaigns with the attendant condition that Belgium would remain the scene of the slaughter and destruction for an indefinite period and with the probable result of her complete obliteration. For a long time past prominent Germans have been boasting, and extolling the wisdom of their High Command thereupon, that Germany herself has been saved from the horrors of war, and that all the fighting and devastation have occurred on what is called conquered territory. If the American army joins, or is tacked on to the British army, this process must continue. The fighting will be in Belgium, the army will have to hack and hew its

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way through seven lines of steel and concrete between the advance line in Flanders and the rear line in the Liége country, and as this could only be accomplished at immense loss it is more than probable that when the German frontier was reached the victorious armies would be in no state to prosecute the war in Germany with the necessary vigor and to retaliate for the wrongs and outrages that demand atonement. In plain words, it would be unwise to attack the enemy where he is strongest and best prepared, and in a region where the effects of victory would be least because the Belgians have been brought too low by want and suffering to do anything on their own account and also because the German people would themselves continue to be immune from the direct sufferings of war.

But the second objection is one of even greater force. It may be the effect of three years' strain, or of the languor of mental inertia arising from trench warfare, or merely of a moral relapse which eliminates hate, one of the most vital elements in sustaining human character; but whatever the cause this war has been carried on by the British Government with a tenderness for a detestable and brutal enemy that is past comprehension. There must be a reason for this, and the only one I can conceive is that while Germany represents in one aspect an enemy it is identified in another with Institutions which it is desired to preserve. The pro-German sentiment confronts one at every turn, not alone in England, but at the front where incidents with regard to prisoners, sparing the enemy from his deserts, and conducting the operations in a Quixotic spirit of forbearance are so numerous that I could fill any single issue of the REVIEW with their recital—and it is impossible therefore to resist the conclusion that a war thus prosecuted might never finish, or only conclude when the soldiers and the nations behind them refused to go on fighting any longer.

Let me give one glaring instance of this mysterious and extraordinary spirit of forbearance. All the German main communications with Belgium, and the part of the Western Front based thereon, must pass over the Viaduct of Grands Prés just to the west of Dolhain, and through the short tunnel of Dolhain itself. In three years not a single attempt has been made to destroy that viaduct or to block that tunnel. The localities are well known. Why has this vital point never been attacked, why has this all-

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important link never been broken? A similar question might be asked with regard to many other vulnerable and tempting objects, but it is needless to particularize and the most striking case has been given. It all forms part of the unintelligible reluctance, shown from the very beginning of the struggle, to utilize Belgian resources for the deliverance of that country under the excuse that we did not wish to further injure it; and now after three years' waiting we are striving to hack and hew a way through that country by frontal attack to which we give the high name of strategy! If the struggle between Kaiserism and Democracy for the premier place in capacity to carry on war wisely and successfully were left to Germany and Britain, there can be no question that Kaiserism has won. It is for the United States to wrest the laurels from the hands of the autocrat and to prove that a Democracy can lead with the head as well as provide the force of arms in the mass.

Fortunately for a happy choice in deciding where and how the immense power of America may be employed to the best advantage of the common cause, there is another country in the Alliance that does not share the illusions of Great Britain about Germany and that is convinced that no victory will be conclusive that does not mete out to her the suffering she has inflicted on others or impose the punishment that is her due. France has felt the heavy hoof of the invader. Many of her beautiful cities, the greater part of the industrial region, have been pillaged and destroyed. The inhabitants of those departments and districts have been outraged not merely brutally in the first inroad but continuously with devilish ingenuity during three long years of occupation. In common with the Belgians, the French have felt the iron enter into their souls. It is no use expecting the people of England to have these feelings. They could only share them if they had suffered likewise, and for this war at least they have been spared the horrors of invasion, an immunity which they owe to Belgium and France, and not to themselves. If America wants to understand this war and its reality she must go straight to France and study them in the desolate fields and destroyed villages of Picardy, Champagne and Lorraine. There she will find not only the truth about this life and death struggle, but she will learn wisdom from men who see what has to be done, but who have not the means to give effect to their judgment for one reason

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only—deficiency of man power. They will not induce the American leaders to give their attention to and to waste their strength on side issues. There is only one thing to be done and that is to drive the Germans across the Rhine. Nothing else matters, nothing else will count. In France, not in the little corner of Artois and Flanders with its network of canals and rivers fettering free movement and rapid progress where the British have been doing their useful work of stonewalling, but in the open regions of Champagne and Lorraine that intervene between Chalons and the weak points of the German position, the truth is to be learned, and with the study of the problem from a fresh point of view the real goal of the struggle will become clearly visible, and the secret of decisive victory may be quickly discovered.

But a war such as the present is not to be won solely by material means. The spirit in which it is conducted counts for as much as the enumeration of batteries and battalions. The Germans since they burst into Belgium have committed every crime in the calendar, but great and numerous as are these crimes they will be surpassed by others still to be committed as they reluctantly retire baffled from the prey in which their claws have been so long fixed—unless the fear of God has been put into their souls by the presence of victorious forces in their rear on German soil. These can only be composed in the main of the French army, but to enable it to accomplish this task it has need of at least a million American comrades. Brilliant victories and rapid progress attend such a combination which will shine in striking contrast with the slow and exhaustive process of trench warfare that has sterilized the intellect and destroyed the imagination of those who have so long participated in it.

DEMETRIUS BOULGER.

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THE CHALLENGE OF WEST POINT

BY LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

For the second time in its history, the first since the Civil War, West Point has graduated two classes in the same year. The class of 1917 went out in June, the class of 1918, in August, 1917. Both were to step practically from the recitation room, the cadet camp and the practice of sham battles, to the grim realities of the most stupendous war of history.

I shared with a colleague from Harvard the privilege of spending with the latter class the last two months of its preparation in a capacity which gave us, I am told, unprecedented opportunities to study the life and the educational system of West Point.

We had both seen service abroad, and we were invited to be at home to cadets and officers who might wish to avail themselves of the opportunity to speak French and to discuss war conditions in France.

The peculiarity of our position consisted in this, that, whereas officers and instructors ordinarily are separated from the cadets by the prescriptions of discipline and live in quarters apart, we occupied tents in the cadet camp and thus came in personal and informal contact with the cadets at all hours of the day.

I do not pretend to speak for my colleague,[1] nor to discuss here the many questions which the course of study, the methods of instruction and discipline at West Point might suggest, but I had not spent many days at the Academy before I realized that West Point presents to students of education a case so unique that it amounts almost to a chal-

[1] Prof. Louis Allard of Harvard.

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lenge. It is this challenge which I should like to emphasize here.

The question still foremost in American educational discussions has been summed up as follows: "The conflict between the education of effort and the education of interest instituted by Rousseau continues until the present time. The conflict between the elective and the prescribed course in college, between the disciplinary studies and the interest or content studies in the elementary grades, are aspects of the same struggle."[1] But it will generally be admitted that of late years "the education of interest" has continued to gain ground, even in the extreme form which Rousseau advocated:

"Whatever may happen, abandon everything rather than have the child's tasks become irksome; for how much he learns is of no account, but only that he does nothing against his will."

Now, the case of West Point is a clear cut challenge to this injunction. The slogan of the new education is "self-expression." The slogan of West Point is discipline.

The "new education" asks: "What will you do, and how do you prefer to do it?" West Point commands: "Do this, this way, and be quick about it!" The "new education" doctrine implies that, unless the student is "self active," unless his activity is preceded and accompanied by a desire due to a feeling of interest in the subject, no real new acquisition is made; for, the supposition runs, without this interest and consequent feeling of pleasure, no organization of knowledge is possible, no new growth of interest, no development of initiative. The West Point attitude implies the opposite doctrine. The new cadet is asked to assimilate and assimilate rapidly and thoroughly the rigid curriculum of the Academy without any consideration of his likes or dislikes. According to the presuppositions of the "new education," the West Point Cadets, faced at every turn with enforced work, should lead a forlorn and dejected life.

Here, West Point begins to force its challenge upon you. As a matter of fact, a happier, more exuberant mortal would be hard to find or one who speaks of his studies with more gusto.

And yet a cadet's life includes a minutely prescribed

[1] Monroe, *History of Education*, p. 569.

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round of daily duties which would make the average student fairly gasp. Throughout his four years he has to work at top speed for sixteen hours daily. Every minute of these sixteen hours he must satisfy some inexorable requirement. One hour after being roused by fife and drum, he has performed his ablutions, dressed, set his room absolutely to rights, which means sweeping the floor, stripping his cot of coverings, rolling up the mattress, placing coverings and pillows on mattress, straightening books, papers and every piece of clothing, all according to strict regulations. Finally he has found his way to the yard, lined up with his squad, answered roll call and marched down with his company to the Cadet Mess Hall.

Eight o'clock finds him in the recitation room. And there again, the slightest evasion from rigid prescription is impossible. Each section numbers only from eight to twelve men. Every cadet must recite every day. Just as the slightest failure to meet the hundred minute requirements of order and discipline: a paper out of place, a button missing, a piece of equipment untidy, a second of tardiness, is recorded in terms of " demerits " which mean eventually serious trouble, so the slightest falling short from a perfect recitation means a loss of standing recorded in fractions of a hundred, daily, monthly, semi-annually, annually, a passing from group to group; in case of failure, a dismissal, in any case, a final rating which will influence the whole after career.

" Artificial stimulation," the exponents of the " new education " will aver, " the hope of reward and the fear of punishment taking the place of the motive force of interest."

No, the West Pointer answers, but the multiplication of precise aims to be reached, the minute checking up of failures to reach these given aims, a consequent training of the will which means formation of character, the power to bring to completion a distasteful task, to double effort when confronted with difficulties, and to accept manfully the consequences of mistakes and shortcomings.

> The important demand is to learn really to bring to action that which is aimed at, and not to be pushed away by any chance impression. . . . Persistence must be learnt. . . . The smallest work carried through with thoroughness serves such training.
>
> The careful, exact, movements in speaking, in writing, in drawing, in manual training, but also the small practical movements of daily behavior, in dressing and eating and sitting and playing develop a refined power of controlling the ideas of ends.

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An education which spoils the mind and never demands real effort, which simply follows the likings and interests, leaves the adolescent personality flabby and ineffective.[1]

I happened to re-read the above from the chapter on *Will and Habit* of the late Professor Münsterberg in my open tent in the Cadet Camp, and, as I read this precise restatement of the doctrine of formal discipline its full justification moved and acted before my eyes.

The West Pointer is the striking opposite of a flabby, irresolute and inefficient individual. His every movement is marked with celerity and precision, easy and unmistakably pleasurable, the result of multitudinous successful attainings of given ends.

Life in the open air, the sense of physical well-being, may account partly for the ring of joy in the voices, the vim and satisfaction, the splendid quickness of every move. Still, these might well offer further food for thought to those who hold that only in freedom does work bring joy. For the enthusiasm with which cadets set about the work imposed by others compares most favorably with that with which pupils work under the stress of "self-activity." Moreover, and here is the important point, whereas pupils working through the stimulation of self-expression have a tendency to become enervated and inefficient as soon as that stimulation is passed, in short reveal an incapacity to pass to the stage of effort, the West Pointer has developed an astonishing capacity for work, even exceedingly difficult or disagreeable work.

Is not the reason to be found in the fact that the West Pointer, through enforced work, has been accustomed to effort? His daily tasks include, of course, some for which he has a natural liking, and, no doubt, these will exercise a fundamental influence upon his whole career. His original love of horses, for instance, may be the decisive factor in his selecting, as he will have a chance to do on graduation, the cavalry over the infantry or the artillery. But, in the meantime, he has to master, none the less, all the infantry and artillery drill, mathematics and languages, and not only study them but make a high grade in them or stand the consequences in "demerits," loss of standing and even dismissal. Being obliged to make good from day to day in the prescribed work, he develops gradually a certain ability in the

[1] Münsterberg, *Psychology and the Teacher*, p. 188 ff.

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subject which facilitates further work, making it lead to the organization of knowledge with consequent growth of interest and pleasure. Enforced repetition has led to the accumulation of new reflexes.

What gives the West Pointer his characteristic superiority, is that, gradually but inexorably, he has been led to tackle the unfamiliar and consequently distasteful work, thus accumulating power which he would not have acquired otherwise. The capacities he has developed through coerced repetition now become self-activities but activities of a wider-awake, more widely developed self than he would have been without this coercion. What is still more important, through proving to himself that, by effort, he could master difficult and at first distasteful work he has acquired confidence in himself and his capacity to surmount difficulties. Where the ordinary student would balk, the West Pointer will calmly proceed to solve the new problem, partly through superior knowledge, partly through the developed habit of successfully extricating himself from difficult situations.

This is where the challenge of West Point becomes clear: Are there not many misunderstandings about the doctrine of interest? Admitting that interest resulting from "self-activity" begets a joyful work, does not "self-activity" depend on the knowledge already organized and, if so, will not knowledge, organized even under outside compulsion, beget larger possibilities of "self-interest" and thus of joyful work?

Is not the acquiring of a large proportion of the powers needed for efficiency naturally more or less distasteful? Can these powers be made automatic otherwise than by numerous rigidly enforced repetitions?

In short, is not work difficult and disagreeable precisely because the organism is as yet wholly without adaptations for it, and if this work is valuable for the further development of the organism, is not effort absolutely essential for this further growth?

If so, is not the general habit of meeting the need of effort (a habit which, like all habits, can only be formed through repeated experiences) a primordial requisite to produce the efficiency indispensable for the highest progress and growth possible, and even perhaps for mere self-preservation?

To sum up, is efficiency possible without the capacity

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for effort and can this capacity be developed without training through enforced successful efforts?

Such is the challenge of West Point.

West Point, as the national military academy, is the foremost exemplar of the system of education it represents. Long isolated in its special purpose, its day has now come. With the advent of the war and the organization of a national army, the influence of the West Pointer is to become country wide.

The camps in which the several millions of American young men will be trained in the fundamentals of soldiering will be replicas of the West Point summer camp. All will have to adopt the West Point slogan: "Do it exactly as prescribed and be quick about it." All will know the power which comes from repeated enforced achievement of multitudinous prescribed ends. Thousands of men who so far have only averaged results will understand what thorough efficiency means.

Those who aspire to be officers will soon realize, as the West Pointer is made to realize, that they must attain the best possible development since, unless they are physically, mentally, and morally superior to those they are to command, they will be unable to secure effective control. And all, men as well as officers, will soon learn that, in war, inefficiency meets instant retribution. In civil life approximation may carry through. In war, a bullet is generally at hand to emphasize the effects of incompetence. The need of training in knowing how to act, and how to act quickly, soon becomes apparent. The advantage of being able to fall back upon a full set of habits formed through repeated drills is promptly appreciated at its value.

If many of our educators go into the war and experience the invigorating revelation of the spirit of West Point, there will no doubt be a reaction, in the near future, against Rousseauistic education.

It is to be hoped, on the other hand, that the reaction will not be too radical. For, whereas West Point offers conclusive evidence that the doctrine of interest readily leads to exaggerations, West Point itself is well aware that an education wholly based on coercion has its dangerous limitations. It takes care to provide for the cadets many experiences outside of the class room and drill ground, social, cultural, religious. An essential point of its training, in camp

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and field, is to leave to the cadets as much initiative as possible in the carrying out of manœuvres. All, before graduation, have chances to assume the responsibilities of the various commands. This is for the best, and the desire is to emphasize it still more.

The Rousseauistic precept " that the individual be asked to do nothing against his will, that he be guided only by his own natural interests and determined by his own inherent capacities and tendencies " is anarchistic doctrine pure and simple. That it leads to complete disintegration, the morrow of revolutions always prove.

But that the effects of a rigidly enforced doctrine, leading to the establishment of an unquestioning discipline, makes for the best interests of a race, the ghastly culmination of two generations of Prussianism will forever deny.

That they are sufficient to secure the highest type of efficiency is not even apparent. The Marne was the victory of habits of discipline, combined with a surviving capacity of initiative, over the rigidity of a soldiery, made over-passive by coercion.

Democracy, that optimistic and ever-precarious attempt to find a happy mean between autocracy and anarchy, may yet prove the fittest to survive. Granting that it will issue victorious from the present death grapple of doctrines, and that the world will be made safe for its development, the school will have its large share in making it safe for the world.

To fulfill the task of making Democracy efficient, of turning out men and women capable of sustained effort, ready to accept not only the pleasant work of the world but the unpleasant, even to the point of the sacrifice of the self for the sake of the greater good of the community, present and to come, the school will have to complete the synthesis between the anarchistic " doctrine of interest " and the autocratic " doctrine of effort."

West Point, with its tried methods of honest and courageous teaching, its tradition of honor and service, its consecration to duty and country, so soon to be proven gloriously anew, will continue to issue its silent challenge. It would be well for American education to take it into due consideration.

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER.

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THE RUSSIAN'S IMMENSE INERTIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

When I wrote concerning Russia a month ago, the newspapers were seething with "the Korniloff Rebellion." We were understood to be on the eve of an immense tragedy, from which would emerge either a Napoleonic dictatorship or a welter of anarchy. The situation seemed to be pregnant with tremendous possibilities.

Well, the month has passed, and, from the frightful thunder-cloud there has emerged—nothing. The whole business was a misconception. It would seem now that there never was any Korniloff rebellion, that Korniloff never intended to rebel, that he never even stirred from his headquarters at Mogilev. A band of fur-capped Caucasian horsemen, the so-called Dikaya Divisia, or "wild Division," rode towards Petrograd and—got railroad tickets to the Caucasus, and there it ended. The whole thing was based on a bungling of messages by a certain Vladimir Lvoff.

Then came wild stories of an uprising of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie (which our newspapers in general called the "bourgeoise," as though some stout, middle-aged lady had been in peril); the people, the masses, were going to seize all power, and do all kinds of rigorous things to the capitalistic classes. Again there has resulted—nothing.

Meditating upon this curiously perplexing and exasperating situation, it occurred to me that here was, perhaps, the clear emergence of a fundamental symptom; with the further thought that we were very probably confusing ourselves endlessly about Russia, by imagining that Russians are on the whole people like ourselves, who will act as we should act; while, in reality, they may be quite different from ourselves in the fundamental springs of their nature.

Then it occurred to me to ask this question: Aside from the soul-harrowing cablegrams, what has actually happened

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in Russia, in the seven or eight months since the Emperor's abdication on the Ides of March? There has been some street-fighting in Petrograd, perhaps as much as there used to be in the "flush times" of Nevada or California, a half century back; perhaps a little more than there was the other day in Philadelphia, when some one had the idea of importing "gunmen," to give a touch of medievalism to the primaries. There has been a forward movement, followed by two or three backward movements, along the thousand miles of battle front; there has been some stir among the alien nationalities. And that is all. Free Russia, in seven or eight months, has done—nothing. No government has been worked out; practically nothing has taken place.

Then it seemed to me that the word of the enigma was Russia's immense inertia; the infinite capacity for sitting still and doing nothing. And I began to apply this key to the various situations throughout Russia, in detail.

Take the army, to begin with. In spite of all Kerensky's urgings, it has obstinately refused to move forward, to undertake a strong and resolute offensive. It is evident now that the one positive action in these seven or eight months, Korniloff's drive up to the Carpathian foothills, was simply an expression of the inertia of the old imperial army; Brusiloff had wound these troops up to move in a certain direction, and they carried out that movement, till the spring ran down. Then came reaction and retreat, leaving them practically where they were before the fine offensive of June, 1916. They had simply settled back again into their old trench, their old rut, and there they stopped.

For, if there has been no great forward movement, there has been no great backward movement either. Riga was made ready for evacuation as much as two years ago; all along, it has simply been a question of a little pressure. The pressure was put on this summer and the Russian line was pushed back beyond Riga—and there it stayed. On the whole, the military movements, from a strategic point of view, during these seven or eight months, have amounted to practically nothing. The Russian troops are sitting in their trenches, and there, apparently, they will continue to sit. Why, from their point of view, should they move?

One may say practically the same thing about all the political Congresses assembled at Petrograd, each proclaiming itself the representative of the whole Russian people.

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I must confess myself deeply sceptical as to their representative character. It is not so easy to get together a Congress genuinely representing a nation of not far from two hundred million people, scattered over eight millions of square miles, stretching round the Eastern hemisphere. We have been told remarkably little about the election machinery used to secure this genuine representation, or how it was so ably extemporized. If it be possible thus to gather representatives of all Russia every few weeks, why is the Constituent Assembly so long in coming? Why do the wheels of its chariot tarry?

It appears, however, that the plans for the Constituent Assembly are making some progress. The electoral districts have, we are told, been marked out. They number 730. This will mean one electoral district for each 225,000 to 250,000 population, about the same as our House of Representatives. The cables have mentioned, among others, Petrograd, Moscow and Kiev, with 20, 19 and 21 electoral districts; but it is not clear whether the cities or the *gubernias* (the provinces, or, as we might call them, the States) are meant. Probably it is the *gubernias*. The populations in 1913 were:

	City	*Gubernia, including City*
Petrograd	2,133,100	3,136,500 (20 electoral districts)
Moscow	1,817,100	3,591,300 (19 " ")
Kiev	626,313	4,792,500 (21 " ")

The army on the Western front is divided into six electoral districts; the fleet into two, the Baltic and the Black Sea. But full details are likely to be available by November.

These Congresses have had far more the air of something we are not unacquainted with in this country: Conventions of "hand-picked" delegates, who gather to give a parrot-like assent to cut-and-dried propositions, and not to give expression to genuine views of their own; often, perhaps, because they have no genuine views of their own. The voting at the so-called "Democratic Congress" held in Petrograd at the beginning of October, if the cables gave anything like a true account of it, seemed to indicate pretty clearly that the voters had not the slightest idea what they were doing, or what their votes meant.

Keeping these things in mind, one tries to form a mental picture of the genuine Russia, the Russian people, as a homogeneous mass. European Russia covers about 1,800,000

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square miles. Over this vast hill-less plain, from the birches of the north to the flowered plains of the south, there dwell some hundred million peasants of Slav stock, speaking practically the same tongue, or dialects easily intelligible to each other. They are grouped in villages, generally of thatched log huts, villages whose streets are simply ruts of mud or trails of dust. Of these villages, there are some 700,000 with about a hundred inhabitants each, say, fifteen to twenty families; then there are a certain number of larger villages, to keep up the average. But the village of fifteen or twenty log homesteads is overwhelmingly the type; there are nearly three-quarters of a million of them.

Each of these villages has, perhaps, two or three square miles of land, much of it still held under age-old communal tenures; and the periodical dividing of this land, forest, pasture, among the fifteen or twenty homesteads, constitutes a major part—a very serious and contentious part—of the village business. The householders—for the house, not the person, is the basis of suffrage—elect an "old man," a *Starosta,* to run things, which he does, in consultation with the assembled householders, in a highly patriarchal way, with much eloquence. There are questions of slightly wider scope, concerning groups of villages, which are threshed out at inter-village meetings, that in their turn elect an "old man," a *Volostnoi Starshina.*

These innumerable villagers in their log houses thatched with straw are, in one sense, the "Russian people." If everything else and everyone else were taken out of Russia and a Chinese wall were built along the present battle-line, the hundred million peasants might go on just as usual; in all likelihood they would go on just as usual, till Gabriel's trumpet sounded startlingly above their village Mir. Then they would vote an adjournment and depart with Gabriel.

The cables have rung with the words "proletariat" and "bourgeoisie," since the Ides of March. Applied to Russia, both words are quite absurd. The word "proletariat" was invented, I think, by Sulla, for purposes of agitation, and meant persons who had children—and nothing else. A bourgeois is a burgess, the inhabitant of a town, with certain privileges.

But, while the Russian villagers have children, and plenty of them, having, indeed, by far the largest birthrate in Europe, from 40 to 45 births per thousand each year, they

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are far from having nothing else. They have, to begin with, their houses, exactly the kind of house that suits them best; they have their stock, their farming implements; they have their exasperating, tangled, undivided shares in some two or three square miles of forest and arable land and pasture. They belong, therefore, the whole hundred million of them, to "the capitalistic class"!

As against these hundred million peasants, there are, in European Russia, some 20,000,000 city dwellers, one-tenth of whom are in Petrograd, and something under another tenth in Moscow; Kiev and Odessa have about 600,000 each, while Riga has 500,000. No other Russian city has as many as a quarter million inhabitants; only a score have as many as 100,000.

There were, before the war, two or three million factory hands and miners; two per cent, perhaps, of the whole population. And these, if you wish, are the genuine proletariat, for whom it is now claimed that they are the authentic "Russian people," that they have the right to rule all Russia.

One sees at once into what confusion our thinking about Russia has been thrown by the noisy doings at Petrograd, by truculent persons like "Nikolai Lenin" and Trotsky. The real Lenin, it is said, died several years ago in Switzerland; the genuine name of the present wearer of the title is said to be Zederblum, which seems to mean "Cedar-blossom," evidently not a Slavonic name. He comes, without doubt, from the same class which has bestowed upon us Miss Emma Goldman and Mr. Alexander Berkman, and is made of the same psychological material.

And, if one ponders over it, there is a genuine pathos in the existence of this class. They have enormous nervous energy, without constructive power. Therefore they are almost predestined agitators. They have no genuine sense of nationality, nor do they really understand the character and aspirations of the peoples among whom they dwell. When they come here as immigrants, they settle in the tenement districts of our cities, and find their way, for the most part, into sweat-shops rapaciously run by people of their own class, who arrived a few years earlier and have amassed a little capital. In these sweat-shops they form their ideas concerning the hollowness of "American civilization." Thousands of them have streamed back to Petrograd since the Ides of March, to denounce us and our capitalistic ways.

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The curious thing about them, and the tragical thing, is, that they so often have idealism without spirituality, the ardent longing for an earthly paradise, which could be realized, generally, by the possession of more money; but there is a certain imaginative humanism in their ideas, though it is generally of the earth, earthy; and their high psychical tension makes them ferocious in denunciation. A certain bitter zeal is the key note of their temperament.

These are the people who have been raising the storm in Petrograd, with the large and eager aid of German agents, whose persuasive ways are being set forth with such fine tact and irony by our own State Department. Their kind has been not less busy in Petrograd.

So we have two of the elements in contemporary Russian history: the hundred million peasants whose spiritual horizon is bounded by their villages, strewn, like the stars in their multitude, over the vast Russian plain; and the Zederblum agitators, with their high tension psychic ferocity, mouthing Marxian dogmas about the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, which have practically no applicability at all to the real conditions of Russian life—conditions about which they seem to be comprehensively in the dark. Then there are the two or three million factory hands and miners and metal workers, with whom the Zederblum agitators seem to have had some temporary success. Indeed, they seem to have succeeded too well, inspiring the operatives to ask for something above the entire profits of the factories. At that rate, things cannot run very long.

So we come back to vast rural Russia, the hundred million peasants in their villages. These people seem to have no great political gifts. Perhaps their communal land tenure has checked the growth of individuality among them; or perhaps it simply expresses the absence of marked individuality, and of the demands of individuality. Tolstoi in certain ways expresses the heart of their mystery with profound truth. They are religious by instinct and habit, they are gentle and good natured and melancholy, they are passive, full of profound inertia; they are, in a sense, anarchistic; that is, they have no inherent instinct for a general, national government; their affairs would go on pretty well if there was no government at all beyond the patriarchal Mir, which decides the moot questions of their villages and *volosts*.

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They have never evolved a government of their own. Eleven or twelve centuries ago, they had worked themselves into much the kind of muddle that prevails in Russia today. They were entirely unable to get out of it. So they sent this message to Viking Rurik and his brethren: "Our land is big and abounding, but there is no order in it; come and rule us and be princes over us!" So Rurik came and established a dynasty, as another prince of Viking stock came later to England to found a dynasty there. Viking blood in Russia, like Norman blood in England, was the basis of the old noblesse. And it was the descendants and successors of these Norman nobles who, at Runnymede, laid the foundations of constitutional government in the Great Charter. Until the nineteenth century, the proletariat had little to do with constitution making in England; the House of Commons was developed by the landed gentry and the burgesses.

The Russian noblesse had less of political instinct, therefore more power remained in the hands of the dynasty. And when, in the time of Shakespeare, the old dynasty of Rurik died out with Feodor, John the Terrible's son, Russia fell once more into a "time of confusion," whose tragedy was deepened by Polish invasions. It was in the midst of this "time of confusion" that Russia called the Romanoffs to power, persuaded by their patriotic service, and, for three centuries, the Russian realm and the Romanoffs grew together, the Czar becoming a part of the peasants' religion.

How far that religious feeling rested on sheer passive acceptance, the peasant taking the Czar as he took the vast sky over his head, or the interminable plain in which he lived, or the gloomy pine forests about him, accepting them all with his measureless inertia, would be a question fascinating to study, but difficult to solve conclusively. But, at the Czar's bidding, he sent his sons to the war; at the Czar's bidding, he paid the taxes that kept the machine of state going. Throughout the army, on the whole, was the spirit of sacrifice, the readiness to "die for the Czar." That was the mainspring of the Russian army. Pressed forward by that mainspring, the Russian peasant, in his own nature passive and pacifist, fought hard and died heroically.

And now the mainspring is broken. We saw that, if we lifted out of Russia everything except the innumerable villages, the vast mass of the Russian people would remain

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practically unchanged, the horizon of each group of villagers bounded by their village. Well, that is about what has happened. The vast framework, of which the Czar was the center, has been lifted off, and the innumerable villagers remain. If left to themselves, they would simply go on tilling their land till the end of time. So far as they are concerned, the noisy persons at Petrograd can effect practically nothing. They can, perhaps, take land from the richer landowners, who will in all likelihood not resist—that is a part of Russian inertia—and give it to the peasants. But if they reverse the process, and try to take land from the peasant, instead of giving land to him, they will find themselves trying to move the vast mountain weight of inertia of the whole Russian people.

The mainspring is broken too, so far as the army is concerned. The Russian soldier could understand "dying for the Czar;" that was born in the bone of him, and in his power to suffer he was a hero. But when you take away from him the inspiration of his loyalty, and substitute for it self-interest, then self-interest instantly says, "Why should I die at all? Why not save my own skin?" And all the profound passivism and pacifism in his nature, out of which his loyalty to the Czar had partly dragged him, echoes the plaintive cry, "Why should I die at all?" So he settles back doggedly into his trench, and there he will sit, held by his immense inertia, so long as the enemy shell fire is not too galling. And, if his officers try too hard to make him fight, and call him a coward, he will sulk awhile in silence; then, if they persist, stirring him up to undesired activity, he will shoot them, and settle back into his trench once more.

This is, I think, a vital truth concerning the Russian nature; the nature of the real Russians of the innumerable villages, not the melodramatists of Petrograd. It is not the whole truth; it may even be an exaggeration of one side of the truth. But I am convinced that there is a profound reality here; and that, so long as we do not take it into consideration, we shall quite fail to understand Russia.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU IN WAR TIME

BY JULIA C. LATHROP
Chief of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor

DOES the war make any difference to the work of the Children's Bureau? This question has been asked us repeatedly since the declaration by the United States. There is only one answer: that the work of a Government Bureau directed "to investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children" at once must be affected by the fact that this country has entered the war. It is quite true that all the Bureau is able to accomplish is trivial as compared with its task, but that is only an added reason for making its work answer the immediate need as far as possible.

Many questions affecting children in war time present themselves; but none more basic than this: How shall the Government which sends men to fight in Europe deal with their dependents at home? Naturally we turn to the warring countries to find information that may help us in answering these questions new to us but which were met by them also at the beginning of the war, and with which they have been obliged to deal for the last three years.

Soon after war was declared by the United States, the Bureau began a study of the foreign material now available on this side the Atlantic touching the welfare of children during the war period. Official reports,—Austrian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian,—have been read; parliamentary debates, newspapers and other sources searched. Naturally this material is scattered and fragmentary. In some countries official reports have been suspended, or, if continued, have not always reached the United States. Yet enough has been gathered to make clear the emergence of certain distinct tendencies, and for us that is

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the important matter—to know which way those most profoundly involved in the war are moving in the matter of protecting infancy and childhood.

If three years of exhausting war have compelled the abandonment of work for the care of maternity and infancy, have lowered the standards of labor, have withdrawn attention from the schools, if the support of the soldier's dependents is unregarded, we should know the facts and be warned in time.

If on the other hand we find a growing sense of the importance of conserving the children of these nations and giving them better care than their parents had, as a measure of national survival, we shall see our way more clearly, and shall be prepared for the sacrifices other nations make to this end. I shall not attempt to discuss the material on various subjects from which the Bureau records show that something has been gleaned, but shall confine myself to offering some excerpts and comparisons on three points:

The protection of infancy and maternity.

The protection of the older child at school and work.

Provision for the soldier and his family and its significance.

Naturally enough Great Britain and her colonies present to this country the most accessible and abundant material upon every subject in the field of child welfare. Of course the protection of maternity and infancy is the alternative of a high infant mortality and before the war the necessity for this protection had been urged increasingly in England by health officials and students of social and economic conditions until, by a strange timeliness, the Parliamentary debates upon a plan for grants in aid of local work culminated in a detailed memorandum dated July 30, 1914, for allowing grants for maternity and child welfare not to exceed one-half the total expense. This new power of grants in aid gave to the Local Government Board the means of making effective for war time the extraordinary efforts to preserve the lives of mothers and babies which the foresighted English authorities demanded.

In common with the other countries from which we have reports the birth rate in Great Britain has fallen since the war and the infant mortality rate has therefore been watched with the more solicitude. It fluctuated slightly for 1914 and 1915, but for 1916 it reached 91 per 1,000 births, the lowest

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for any year on record in that country. The reduction is ascribed to a combination of causes,—a cool summer and the increase in wages are credited with a share, but much importance is given to the new measures taken under Government auspices to protect maternity and infancy. In the annual report of the Local Government Board for 1915-1916, Sir Arthur Newsholme, medical officer, begins his statement of the Board's work for maternity and infant care with these words:

"Notwithstanding war conditions there have occurred important extensions of previous work and new work has been initiated."

He emphasizes the importance of the health visitor, who fills in many respects the place of the visiting or public health nurse with whom we are acquainted, and says:

> A steady approach is being made to the standard of one health visitor to 500 births which was laid down as desirable in my memorandum of November, 1915. * * * Public opinion has been roused to the urgency of all measures for promoting maternal and child welfare, and I trust that at the end of the year 1916 it will be possible to report that even greater progress has been made than in 1915 in this respect.

In this connection it may not be amiss to quote from a set of resolutions concerning child welfare drawn up by representatives of public and volunteer bodies in the United States and approved by the Council of National Defense in June of the present year:

> Realizing that public health nurses are essential to the carrying on of child welfare work, we recommend that every possible effort be made to prevent these especially trained nurses from being withdrawn from such work, and that public health nursing be officially recognized as war service.

Nor can the subject be left without calling attention to the fact that upon the basis estimated by Newsholme this country could utilize 5,000 public health nurses for maternity and child welfare alone. Including special types—such as tuberculosis, industrial and school nurses,—there were probably 6,000 public health nurses in service at the beginning of our war; 2,500 of these are pledged to war service, and the ranks are already seriously depleted. Yet it has been said recently by a responsible authority that the United States could economically utilize 25,000 public health nurses. An-

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other especially relevant paragraph from this 1915-1916 report of the Local Government Board is as follows:

> As the result of the war there has not been an expansion of voluntary work for child welfare to the same extent as of official work, the subscriptions of voluntary societies having fallen off. This increases the urgency for more general action on the part of local authorities.

Already the tendency to economize in the support of private work for child welfare is felt here, and it may be found here as in England that public expenditures on a sound social basis must be substituted for private gifts.

In this the third year of the war England organized a National Baby Week Campaign with a Council of which the Queen was patron, the Prime Minister, President, and the President of the Local Government Board, Chairman. Credit was given for Baby Week as an American idea which had "appealed equally to American sentiment and American common sense." The leading reviews published advance articles urging for England the supreme importance of using every possible means to preserve the lives of babies in war time,—one writer stating that in 1915 "death carried off more British babies than soldiers." Later advices show great interest throughout the country in the observances held the first week in July.

In contrast with the vigorous campaign in England, which has been three years at war, is the fact that our declaration of war on April 6 so distracted attention from mere babies that the May celebrations here were fewer than last year. Of course Baby Week is a device for arousing public opinion and the seeming drop in interest because of the war certainly does not mean that we shall await the waste of life in battle before we gather force to put an end to the waste of life in the cradle.

Little information is available from Germany and I shall only quote from a paper on Infant Welfare Work in War Time by Dr. Grace L. Meigs of the Children's Bureau which discusses the reports of Drs. Langstein and Rott, director and assistant at the *Kaiserin-Augusta-Victoria-Haus zur Bekampfung der Saüglingsterblichkeit in Deutschen Reiche,* the official headquarters of the movement for the protection of infancy in Germany:

> Their articles published in the early part of 1915 tell us only of conditions in the early months of the war but they are interesting as

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showing the lines on which the work was laid out in Germany for the war period. * * * Very soon after the beginning of the war a meeting of representatives of infant welfare work in Berlin took place at the Reichstag. The resolution to continue infant welfare work and to increase it was expressed, and this resolution was communicated to all other German communities.

A few months later, in June, 1915, Dr. Rott reported on a questionnaire sent to officials and private organizations in over 375 communities of over 15,000 inhabitants, and to 788 infant welfare centers, to 266 institutions for the care of mothers and babies, and to 271 day nurseries. The object of this study was to find out the effect of the war on the great system of infant welfare work which had been developed in Germany before the war. Eighty-one per cent of the communities answered the questionnaire. It was found that in only two per cent of the communities had work decreased; in ten per cent it had increased; and in the remainder, eighty-eight per cent, it had continued unimpaired. The centers which had been closed were those which depended on private subscription. The loss of physicians and nurses to war work was remarked upon in many communities; especially characteristic of private associations was a tendency of the sisters who had been carrying on infant welfare work to leave it for active military duty.

Dr. Langstein refers to the special division for the care of infants in Berlin which is part of the Red Cross. The division stipulates that the mother shall bring her baby regularly to an infant welfare station. He says:

> This fund gives to all mothers who are shown to be in need, and who wish to take care of their children in their own homes, a monthly allowance; and fulfills therewith a task which is not only successful as regards health but is also a great social task. I hope that the existence of this allowance may not end with the peace which we hope will soon come.

In France the reports on maternal and infant welfare work deal especially with Paris, where it was organized early in August, 1914, under military auspices with the title "*Office Centrale d'assistance maternelle et infantile*," and it is stated that the medical protection of mothers and babies had never been so good in Paris as during the early period of the war. Infant mortality in Paris declined for the first two years of the war. There has been prolonged discussion in the French Academy of Medicine as to the employment of pregnant women and nursing mothers. The interest

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aroused by the discussions makes plain that however much difference of opinion there may be as to the best way to protect mothers and babies, there is the deepest public sense of the importance of their protection.

Dr. Meigs in drawing conclusions from her review makes several suggestions, among which the following are especially timely:

> That the chief preventive measure for protecting babies is to insure their intelligent care and nursing by healthy mothers in their own homes.
>
> That the preventive work for infant and maternal welfare, already established, should be strengthened and extended; and that nothing should be considered more important in war time.

Maternity insurance or government allowances in some form are found without exception in the warring countries. In some cases these have been much increased since the war began. This is notably true as to Germany and France.

The standards of life are so different in this country that the actual methods of safeguarding maternity in Europe would apply only with much modification, and the whole subject of maternity protection, urgent as it is here, must be worked out by our own experimenting, upon a scale commensurate with our standard of living.

But what of older children? We find that our next-door neighbor Canada has sent one-nineteenth of her total population to the front, yet she has not relaxed her labor standards for children. New Zealand has sent to the war one-fourteenth of her population, yet she has not changed her restrictions of woman and child labor. Australia has maintained her labor standards with no important variation.

These countries are all new, vigorous, remote from the great centers of war industry. What is the attitude in England and France?

After two years of war, during which emergency exemptions were made in both countries, M. Albert Thomas, French Minister of Munitions, epitomized in the following brief sentences the importance of preserving labor laws not only for the sake of the workers but in the interest of sustained output:

> The experience of war time has only demonstrated the necessity—technical, economic and even physiological—of the labor laws enacted before the war. In our legislation secured in time of peace we shall find the conditions for a better and more intense production during the war.

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The reports of the British Committee on the Health of Munition Workers had been read with great interest in this country even before the United States entered the war. The findings of these painstaking studies become of much greater interest now when the demands of war contracts must bring us to the same difficulties they discuss unless we are willing to learn by the experience of other countries. They show the waste involved in the long hours worked during the war and urge the restoring of restrictions in such statements as the following, extracted from the reports to Parliament:

Even during the urgent claims of a war the problem must always be to obtain the maximum output from the individual worker which is compatible with the maintenance of his health. In war time the workmen will be willing, as they are showing in so many directions, to forego comfort and to work nearer to the margin of accumulating fatigue than in times of peace, but the country can not afford the extravagance of paying for work done during incapacity from fatigue just because so many hours are spent upon it, or the further extravagance of urging armies of workers towards relative incapacity by neglect of physiological law.

Conditions of work are accepted without question and without complaint which, immediately detrimental to output, would if continued be ultimately diastrous to health. It is for the nation to safeguard the devotion of its workers by its foresight and watchfulness lest irreparable harm be done to body and mind both in this generation and the next.

Very young girls show almost immediate symptons of lassitude, exhaustion, and impaired vitality under the influence of employment at night. A very similar impression was made by the appearance of large numbers of young boys who had been working at munitions for a long time on alternate night and day shifts.

It is particularly to be noted that in England the war exemptions to the factory laws have not included a lowering of the age limits for factory work.

While there was confusion and hardship incidental to the organization of war industries in England, we are told that as early as 1915 some employers returned voluntarily to regular labor standards. The British Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops writes in May, 1916:

The tendency grew as the year passed to substitute a system of shifts for the long day followed by overtime, and this is particularly reported of munition factories in the Midlands and in Sheffield. * * * The number of days on which overtime was actually worked tended in many factories to decrease as experience grew of accumulating fatigue and lessened output. Probably for similar reasons Sunday labor also has tended latterly to decrease.

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Again in his report dated April, 1917, the Chief Inspector says:

> It is fairly well recognized now that continuous and excessive overtime very soon produces lassitude and slackness among the workers and injuriously affects efficiency and both the quantity and quality of the work. In one weaving factory special records were kept when the normal hours of 55½ a week were increased for 16 weeks to 58 and for 4 weeks to 65½. The output did not increase in proportion and the difference was more marked when working the 65½ hour weeks.

Labor in general is considered by the inspector but it need not be pointed out that any hard conditions of labor bear most heavily on immature persons.

For the greater part of the first two years of the war France allowed boys and girls under eighteen to work at night in special cases. She has now restored the prohibition of night work for girls under eighteen and provides that other night workers shall be subject to medical supervision. The official *Bulletin des Usines de Guerre* for July 31, 1916, shows the basis for such regulations:

> With the continuance of the war it becomes necessary not only to find the best possible disposition of the forces available for our war industries but also to avoid every cause for exhaustion or weakening of the labor employed in our factories. There is a close relation between the conditions in which we place our workers and the improvement or the increase of our war products. For the very sake of the national defense we must conserve all their physical strength for the workers who are responsible for the manufacture of arms and for the output of our factories.

At a meeting held in Washington in honor of the Labor Members of the British Commission sent to the United States soon after our declaration of war, Hon. James H. Thomas, M. P., was asked about the necessity for child labor. Few who heard his reply will soon forget it. "I cannot conceive," he said, "that the assistance the United States can give to the allied cause is dependent upon any alteration in the child labor laws of this country."

But mere restriction of child labor does not go far. Florence Kelley's dictum that the best child labor law is a compulsory education law is illustrated by recent action in England and France. France has now under consideration an education bill which would in effect raise the standard of labor protection in war time. It was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies in March by M. Viviani and closely resembles a bill passed by the French Senate in

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June, 1916. This proposal to establish a system of continuation schools and to require part-time school attendance during working hours by all working children under seventeen years of age has the endorsement of the Minister of Commerce and of business interests in all parts of the country.

According to Commissioner Finley of New York, recently returned from an inspection of French schools in France, the ages for leaving elementary school have not been modified. The accustomed men teachers have gone into the war to the number of thirty thousand, leaving the schools sadly crippled; for the French village schoolmaster usually lives with his family adjacent to the school, holding a permanent position and exercising the kindly authority and leadership which Daudet's familiar story of the last day of French teaching in Alsace set forth. It is not strange that the saucy contrast of Hansi's pictures of an Alsatian village under German tutelage caused that artist's arrest by the German authorities just before the outbreak of the war. Now women must take the place of men teachers; older children must work. But the elementary schools go on with as little change as possible, we are told by Mr. Finley.

France is making plans for physical training in her schools and the plans of the English Departmental Committee for Physical Training are carefully worked out in the report quoted later. It is noteworthy that neither the French plans nor the recommendations of the English report include military training or drill. After the Franco-Prussian War, France tried military drill in the schools, but abandoned it fifteen years or more ago. On the other hand, the recruiting stations of England have shown the need in that country of better physical care for children during the years of school life. We shall soon see what the draft examinations will reveal here as to the health and vigor of young men of varying opportunities for development.

We find that no new law exempting children from school attendance has been passed in England since the war began, but the power to exempt which was already in the law has been used to allow the dismissal of children for farm labor and "light employment." These exemptions, like those for factory work, are much regretted by the educational authorities, according to the English reports.

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There is much complaint of the breakdown of the English schools. Other elements besides the exemptions are involved, however. We are told that many men teachers have gone to the front, whose places have been filled by women if at all, and necessarily the women have been less well trained, less experienced, and generally at a disadvantage in preserving discipline in schools for English boys who, unlike American lads in school, are not accustomed to feminine authority. The unusual degree of juvenile delinquency is ascribed in part to the relaxation of school conditions.

Present opinion as to school needs in England is shown by the Final Report of the Departmental Committee on Juvenile Education in Relation to Employment after the War. This report, with the accompanying summaries of evidence and appendices, was presented to Parliament in the present year. It points out by the testimony of witnesses representing employers, labor, teachers and educational authorities, social workers and others, the urgent importance of protecting the school life of children as the only fruitful way of protecting their working life. It sets aside as mischievous all the old exemptions and half-time provisions, and the summary of recommendations begins as follows:

> We therefore recommend that a uniform Elementary School-leaving age of fourteen be established by statute for all districts, urban and rural, and that all exemptions, total or partial, from compulsory attendance below that age be abolished, * * * that difficulties of poverty be met in other ways than by regarding poverty as a reasonable excuse for non-attendance.

The most radical proposal is that compulsory education be continued to the age of eighteen by day continuation classes, not less than eight hours a week for forty weeks in the year, and that where there is already a statutory limitation upon the hours of labor the permitted hours of labor be reduced by the number of those required for the continuation classes.

Great emphasis is laid upon the importance of continuous physical training, medical inspection, and clinical treatment, where necessary, up to the age of eighteen.

The need of protecting the education of English children urged by the Departmental Committee is recognized formally by the Board of Education, which has submitted

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to Parliament a budget for 1917-1918 showing an increase of nearly four million pounds over last year,—the largest increase over a preceding year known in the history of English education. The purpose of this additional sum is to raise teachers' salaries, restore school buildings to school use, and to increase school efficiency.

The best of our own public schools are, we may believe, the best equipped, the best taught in the world, but these are far too few. They are chiefly in cities,—seldom in the country. Disgraceful illiteracy figures for rural areas where children work as farm laborers still meet us on the census pages.

The best of our school attendance laws like those of New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, are better than those proposed by the Departmental Committee, leaving aside the proposal for compulsory continuation schools to the age of eighteen. Our worst laws are such as make possible our illiteracy rate among native-born American children, and the intermediate laws are far from satisfactory.

If we may judge by the eagerness with which South Carolina children have taken advantage of the compulsory school law passed in that State last winter we may also find that the Federal child labor law which went into effect September 1, 1917, will aid in securing that uniformity of school requirements which the English report wisely urges, and will have the good effect of a compulsory education law if public interest is enlisted to provide good schools.

The study of English and French experience at the end of three years of war certainly justifies this country, now the strongest and richest on earth, in determining that its children shall be kept at school as usual unless better methods of teaching in the interests of the children solely can be invented. A continuous census of all available sources of adult labor is the reasonable prerequisite for any discussion of allowing child labor, and this is still lacking.

The Children's Bureau had not gone far in the study of foreign experience in war time before it became clear that recommendations as to methods and expedients for the protection of children in any country calling a large army into being must be conditioned upon the provision made by the Government itself for the pay of soldiers, and the experience of the countries giving a valuation to the individual family unit and its maintenance which could be considered

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most analogous to our own became of great importance. This valuation was found in most marked degree in the countries whose newness and freedom of development and prosperity would naturally lead to a sound liberality in the treatment of their soldiers. Pre-eminent among this group stands Canada, our nearest neighbor.

It was felt that the United States should examine in a technical manner the administration of the Canadian plan, especially as to the new feature of insurance. The Children's Bureau was exceedingly fortunate to be able to secure the generous aid of Captain S. Herbert Wolfe of New York, a well-known actuary, and the chairman of the Social Service Committee of one of the great New York hospitals. Captain Wolfe went to Canada early in May and made a report which was at once published by the Bureau under the title of *Care of Dependents of Enlisted Men in Canada.* The Canadian plan leads toward a truly modern conception of the responsibility of the Government to the men who form an army, and is especially significant for the skill with which provisions for re-education, protection of dependents and insurance of the soldier are woven together so as to stimulate self-respecting effort in returning to civil life, and to offer genuine safeguards against helpless poverty.

As a further contribution for the consideration of the best form of soldiers' compensation, the Bureau has prepared under special instructions from the Secretary of Labor and with the direction and assistance of Captain Wolfe a report entitled *Governmental Provisions in the United States and Foreign Countries for Members of the Military Forces and Their Families.*

These studies were used in the preparation of the Administration bill for soldiers' compensation and insurance which was drafted by the Honorable Julian W. Mack and which has now passed both houses of Congress.

If a country—a democratic country—requires of its citizens the hazard of their lives can it do less than provide for their families an assured status?

One of the "June Resolutions" approved by the Council of National Defense was as follows:

> We urge that immediate steps be taken to secure the adoption of a Governmental plan to assure adequate support for soldiers and their families. This plan should include financial and medical provision, facilities for the re-education of the injured soldier, and the re-es-

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tablishment of the family. Such a plan promptly put into operation would have more effect in promoting child welfare than any other measure which the Government could adopt on behalf of the dependents of men in service.

We wish to see for the soldier above all the recognition that his children have the right to a home and the care of their mother while he is away. Allowances must be made which will not send young mothers out to work and leave babies unattended to die at twice the rate of the babies of more prosperous mothers; older children must have schooling—*not the bare legal requirement but what their own* powers justify. Comfortable homes with good mothers to give the warmth of affection as well as wholesome food and bodily comfort are the best possible safeguard against the costly waste of juvenile delinquency. Soldiers' families must have all this. Words fail when one thinks of the young fathers who will go into the army if the war continues. This much is sure, their country must see to it that they do not return to find democracy set at naught here because their households have been neglected by the nation which sent them away. And if they do not come back? Then more than ever soldiers' families must have all this. An infinite number of perplexing readjustments, of great sacrifices and very real hardships await many of the civilian population as war goes on. Let us vow that they shall fall upon those who can bear them—not upon mothers and children.

We have entered into a war to make democracy prevail; to help secure for others that political and social organization which gives to us the basis for our standard of living, for the nurture and education of this nation's children,—not a few choice children of a favored class, but all children.

JULIA C. LATHROP.

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THE CAPTURE OF CONTRABAND OF WAR

BY E. S. ROSCOE

In a recent number of this Review I endeavoured to place before its readers a short exposition of the Evolution of Commercial Blockade; a kindred and important subject is the Capture of Contraband of War. The two, especially if considered together, stand out as by far the most important subjects which have engaged the attention of the Judges of the Allied Prize Courts during the Great War, and in the case of each there has been an unmistakable and definite movement. It may be that after the conclusion of the present War the world will not again be disturbed by international hostilities. It would, however, be impractical to rely on such a desirable contingency, and, if the possibility of future wars is not to be overlooked, the experience of the present great conflict should not, in relation to such subjects as the Capture of Contraband, be disregarded.

The question of contraband has from the earliest times been a constant cause of disagreement between belligerents and neutrals: their interests have always been sharply antagonistic, and both belligerent and neutral has based his claim on so-called rights, while additional bitterness has been added to the inevitable disputes because the belligerent has regarded the neutral as endeavouring to prevent the success of his operations, and the neutral has, although not a party to existing hostilities, smarted under pecuniary loss.

Nothing has been more unprofitable than the attempts of jurists to construct in regard to articles which may or may not be declared contraband some kind of theory of rights from the fluctuating action, whether in treaties, proclamations or decisions of prize courts, of various European Powers. "The view of contraband," wrote the late Profes-

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sor Westlake, "which found one of its earliest expressions in the Treaty of Whitehall may, from the state most eminent among its authors and upholders be called the British." (*War,* page 283). The so-called British view was the assertion of the practice of preventing the entry into a belligerent country of a larger number of articles than was approved by France. These practices were not based on any theory, on the contrary they rested on mere military convenience, for the larger the number of articles which could be prevented from entering a belligerent port by the maritime power of Great Britain, the greater was the injury inflicted on the antagonistic belligerent Power. From beginning to end the practice of nations in regard to the inclusion of certain articles under the term contraband has depended on the needs and views of the several combatants. "So far as they were not bound by a treaty," writes Professor Oppenheim (*International Law,* II., p. 481), "belligerents formally exercised their discretion in every war according to the special circumstances and conditions for regarding or not regarding certain articles of ancipitous use as contraband." The Great War at any rate has made it clear that freedom of practice in regard to the number of contraband articles must henceforth prevail, for in this way only can the military necessity of the belligerents at a given time have complete expression.

It may be—as has been suggested—that a time is approaching when wars will no longer disturb the tranquil current of life, but, if they come and maritime nations are again involved, the capture of contraband articles by a belligerent will be more than ever destructive of neutral trade. A modern war is a vast engineering and commercial operation, the culmination of which is the destruction by armed forces of human life and property. Consequently the number of articles which can fairly be regarded as useful to a belligerent is now so large that a list of absolute and conditional contraband goods includes almost everything which is the subject of commercial transactions. If, for example, one turns to the second edition of the clear and useful manual compiled by Mr. Maurice Rackham of the British Admiralty and Prize Registry, there were, to November 5th, 1915, two hundred and ninety-nine articles classed as absolute contraband, and seventy-eight as conditional contraband, numbers which have since been considerably increased. Many sepa-

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rate headings form a class of articles, each necessarily therefore including any number of separate articles. No. 14, for example, of the conditional contraband goods is "Fabrics for clothing if suitable for war." Some similar articles are to be found enumerated, for ease of reference, under different heads but this does not lessen the cumulative effect of the character of modern warfare as exemplified by the list of contraband.

In the Declaration of London its authors, with what now seems remarkable optimism, placed a list of seventeen articles which might not be declared contraband (Article 28) including, surprising as it may seem, cotton and rubber, whilst eleven classes only were declared to be absolute contraband and fourteen conditional contraband (Articles 22 and 24). The latter, however, were under a formidable limitation, because, in order to be condemned, they must be shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces of the enemy and not intended to be discharged in a neutral port. The present war has put an end to any such limitation and has established the propriety of the condemnation by a Prize Court of articles as conditional contraband, if their ultimate destination is a place in belligerent territory, even though the end of the actual voyage may be a neutral port. This action rests upon what in legal language is termed the doctrine of continuous transit, which was first enunciated by Lord Stowell in the Napoleonic War in relation to the enemy's Colonial trade and was extended to contraband by the Supreme Court of the United States in the American Civil War. The doctrine has now been distinctly included in English Prize Law. "It appears also to be obvious," said Sir Samuel Evans, the President of the British Prize Court, "that in these days of easy transit, if the doctrine of continuous voyage or continuous transportation is to hold at all it must cover not only voyages from port to port at sea, but also transport by land, until the real as distinguished from the merely ostensible destination of the goods is reached." And the practice must be considered now, both as regards sea and land transit, as an admitted rule of international law.

The value of precedent in British and American jurisprudence is so marked that the authority of Lord Stowell was willingly relied on by the American Courts to support their judgments on this point, just as in the present war the British Prize Court has relied on these very decisions of the

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Supreme Court of the United States. But, the doctrine, if such it may be called—apart from any question of inclusion in judicial precedents whether British or American—is a natural evolution of a practical kind arising out of modern mercantile conditions and must, legal precedent or no legal precedent, have inevitably come into existence unless the stoppage of contraband was to be limited by a practice unsuitable to present day affairs and was to be of no real value to a belligerent. The differences of jurists have become immaterial in face of overwhelming facts: "Although the majority of Continental writers condemn the doctrine of continuous transport, several eminent Continental writers support it" (Oppenheim, II., p. 504). This comment is suggestive, because it shows that some writers on international usage have been led astray. They have endeavoured to find juristic bases for or against practices which have come into existence from the changes produced by time or modern conditions. International law needs to be more studied in relation to national development rather than as an exact science. Some writers have, for example, condemned the so-called doctrine of continuous transit on the ground that goods in a neutral country, whatever their character, may be dealt in and forwarded to a belligerent and therefore that a contraband cargo, once it has arrived in neutral territory, enters, as it were, into a new commercial existence and should not be regarded as property in the course of transit. Such an argument ignores the real course of circumstances in modern commercial practice. It is in fact an ingenious but wrong method of reasoning because, as already suggested, this question must be regarded in relation to the actual facts of commercial international intercourse.

The elaborate extension of the list of contraband articles not only by Great Britain but also by her Allies, has clearly shown that no finite lists of contraband, whether absolute or conditional, can be arranged by international agreement in periods of peace. For the changes produced by time on warfare cannot be foreseen in their completeness, nor can the locality of warfare or the conditions of combatants be known before hostilities. It is a gain, at any rate, that recent experience has proved definitely that each combatant must be at liberty to compile lists of contraband at the beginning of or during the continuance of hostilities, and, however hard it may be for neutrals, they must put up with loss

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and inconvenience caused by the consequent more widespread interference with their trade. It is another instance that modern warfare between armed nations, and not merely between armies, is a catastrophic event, infinitely more disturbing not only to combatants but to neutrals than were wars in the past however apparently important. But it is the combination of the doctrine of continuous transit by sea or overland with the varied and complicated character of modern warfare, requiring as it does most of the articles of civil life for the use of military operations, that has chiefly given to the capture of contraband such exceeding importance both to neutrals and to belligerents. In the time of our forefathers blockades were operations which were most depended on. But blockades of enemy ports and even of an enemy country by means of the stoppage of non-contraband goods to neutral ports, can never have the same military value or at any rate can have in many instances only comparatively little effect without the assistance of the capture of contraband goods—whether to be delivered out of ships at a belligerent or a neutral port. If, however, it is clear that international pacts cannot and ought not to limit the number of articles which a belligerent may declare to be contraband, it would yet be possible to regulate by international agreement the effect of the carriage of contraband on neutral ships. The result to a neutral shipowner of the carriage of contraband is not vital to the interests of a belligerent, who is safeguarded if he can capture certain articles and secure their condemnation by his Prize Court. But a clear and settled international practice as to these results is of the first importance to neutral shipping and it should be possible for nations to agree on some international rules which could be placed in a statute in each country of the world in the same way as certain international agreements on the subject of collisions and salvage, which gave effect to two conventions approved and signed at Brussels in 1910, were embodied—for example—in the British Maritime Conventions Act 1911. According to Article 40 of the Declaration of London, if more than half the cargo in value, weight, volume or freight is contraband the vessel is subject to condemnation. This rule is plainly absurd, for it has no sound theoretical basis. It is also practically foolish, for a vessel, having less than half of the cargo contraband, may in that lesser quantity carry some articles more valuable to the enemy than are contained

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in a cargo which is more than half of the contents of the vessel's holds or more than half the value. From the theoretical point of view a ship by carrying contraband either does so much injury to a belligerent, that in order to prevent the carriage she should be liable to be condemned by a Prize Court, or else her action is so innocent that she should be restored to her owners. A difference in what may be called guilt appears to exist between a ship which carries contraband to a belligerent port and one which is bound for a neutral port, since it may be fairly argued that, in the former case there is a presumption of guilt, in the latter of innocence. Hardly less important to neutral shipowners is a universal international agreement as to whether or not, assuming there are cases in which a vessel though she has carried contraband articles which have been condemned, should not be confiscated, is or is not entitled to be paid freight on the captured articles. These points, important though they are to shipowners, do not—as has been stated above—affect the vital part of the subject of contraband, namely the right—and it may almost now be so called—of a belligerent to capture contraband articles in the course of a continuous transit, and the freedom of a belligerent to declare articles absolute or conditional contraband if he considers that they are of utility to the military projects of the enemy.

E. S. Roscoe.

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THE CASE OF THE LITTLE THEATERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

ONE of the most striking developments of the first two decades of this twentieth century is the unprecedented expansion of an appreciative interest in the drama among the American people. The evidences of this interest are to be seen on every side: in the frequent articles in the magazines discussing dramatic topics; in the prompt publication of the pieces which are successful on the stage of New York and of London; in the incessant translation of plays by foreign authors, French and German, Italian and Spanish, Scandinavian and Russian; in the multiplicity of treatises upon dramatic theory and dramatic practise; in the increase of courses upon the drama, present and past, in our colleges, universities and summer sessions; and in the organization of the Drama League with its local centers all over the United States.

Froude tells us that in Tudor England there was acting everywhere, in the market-place, in the inn-yard and on the village green, in the inns of court, in the universities and in the royal palaces. And the future historian of social conditions in the United States will record that there is now acting everywhere, in the theaters, of course, but also in high schools and in universities, in church-clubs and in college-settlements, in open air amphitheaters and in hotel ball-rooms. There are masques presented in university stadiums and pageants presented in public parks. Greek plays are reproduced in Greek theaters and French plays are performed by students of French.

This American interest in the drama and in the art of acting is a novel phenomenon. It is a sudden and unexpected burgeoning. Nothing of the sort was to be seen forty

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years ago; and even thirty years ago there was little to forecast it. Of course, the inhabitants of the larger American towns have always supported the theater more or less; but they held it to be a place of amusement; and most of them did not take the drama seriously. A quarter of a century ago people did not read plays, new or old, foreign or domestic, because there was a divorce between literature and the drama; and with very few exceptions the plays that were readable were not actable while those that were actable were not readable. Nobody would want to read *Arrah-na-Pogue* and nobody would want to see *Strafford* performed. Probably the change in the attitude of the public must be ascribed primarily to Ibsen; his plays were drama and they were literature; they were readable and they were actable. Even if they were produced on the stage only sporadically, they soon became familiar in the study. But while Ibsen may have been the exciting cause, there was also a predisposing condition: the time was ripe for a revival of interest in the drama as an art.

II

Of all the manifold manifestations of this revival no one is more significant than the spontaneous springing up of so-called Little Theaters all over the country, not in the larger cities only, but in the smaller towns also and even in the remoter villages. Here and there and everywhere a handful of enthusiasts, dissatisfied with the regular theater, and desirous of producing plays different in kind as well as in quality from those which appealed to the professional managers, enlisted allies, took possession of the best halls available and appealed to the public,—at first only to a public local and limited, but in time as they gained experience and confidence to the larger body of possible playgoers. Perhaps it is not quite exact to suggest that they had not abundant confidence at the beginning of their several enterprises, for most of them had the courage of the insurgent. They raised the red flag of revolution; they tolled the tocsin of revolt; they strode fearlessly into the spot-light of publicity. And they very soon succeeded in forcing themselves on the attention of the public. They were extravagantly belauded; they were also violently denounced; and they did not deserve either the excessive praise or the excessive blame. The move-

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ment had the usual accompaniments of all such manifestations: it had reckless radicalism and annihilating iconoclasm; but it had also the unquenchable spirit of youth. And moreover it had justification in the existing organization of the theater here and now in the United States.

This organization is worse than the organization of the theater half a century ago; and it is different from that and different from the organization in every other country. It is the result of economic conditions, which are not altogether satisfactory. A living drama necessarily depends upon a prosperous theater. Shakespeare and Molière, actors as well as authors, were managers also; and they had perforce to please the public or to shut their doors. Therefore they desired, first of all, to make money, to establish their companies in popular favor. So they wrote the kind of play that their several publics relished; and incidentally they utilized this kind of play as the medium for their own self-expression, accepting the conditions under which their work had to be done, educating the playgoer of London and Paris and giving him always what he wanted but also more than he knew that he wanted. They were commercial to a certain extent, but of course they were never merely commercial. They wished their theaters to make money; but they did not have money-making as their sole object.

The first deficiency of the organization of the theater in the United States at the present time is that we happen to have no Shakespeare and no Molière. The second is that a majority of the managers seem to have money-making as their sole purpose and that they lack intelligence enough to perceive that while the theater is and always has been and always must be, a branch of the show-business, it has nobler possibilities. And in the third place the pressure of economic conditions has killed off the resident stock-companies, surviving year after year, producing plays independently, and more or less in response to local influences. The control of the American theater is now centralized in New York, where new plays are put on for a run, and then taken out to be seen all over the United States accredited by the reputation they have gained in the metropolis. The result is that even New York can now see performances only by road companies; and that a play—to be attractive to a producing manager—must possess the qualities which lead him to believe that it will be successful on Broadway for at least a

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hundred nights and then continue its triumphant career for two or three seasons in the lesser cities.

Now, this state of affairs tends to inhibit the production of plays of a more delicate texture, unable to meet this test of immediate popularity in Manhattan. It tends to restrict the output of the finer kinds of comedy and of the more searching types of social-drama, in which life is sincerely depicted. It tends to exert an undue pressure in favor of the coarser kinds of farce and of melodrama, tricked out with the sensationalism likely to tickle the taste of the unthinking throng. It tends to limit the drama, which may be infinitely various, to the two or three species of play reasonably certain to amuse that omnipresent entity, the Tired Business Man.

Moreover, the necessity of pleasing Broadway, first of all, is a very serious handicap. The drama, it cannot be said too often, is the most democratic of the arts; it is a function of the crowd; it cannot exist unless it appeals to the people as a whole. Now, a Broadway audience is not truly representative of the American people as a whole, because it is a very special gathering. It represents not the six million inhabitants of New York but the less than two million inhabitants of Manhattan; and of these it represents mainly those who can afford to pay two dollars each for their tickets. Nothing less democratic can easily be imagined; and nothing less truly American, since a majority of the dwellers in Manhattan who can afford two dollars for their theater-tickets, are either foreign-born or the children of alien parents, whereas the people of the United States as a whole have either inherited or assimilated Anglo-Saxon ideals of conduct.

III

It is this existing organization of the American theater which has given their opportunity to the Little Theaters. They are not bound to strive for a hundred nights on Broadway. They need not keep in mind always the necessity of going on the road. They are profitably subject to local influences. They are not under economic pressure to be unduly commercial. They are free to undertake the task —which the commercial theater often neglects—of representing plays interesting in certain ways, but deficient in

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universality of appeal. They can specialize more effectively than the purely commercial theater; and they can supplement it, doing what it fears that it cannot afford to attempt. They can serve as proving grounds and experiment stations. They can capitalize the enthusiasm and the initiative of youth. They can allow full freedom to the amateur spirit, which plays the game for its own sake and not for the gate-money. And it is because they have seen this opportunity and because they have taken advantage of it, that the Little Theaters have been able to attain a vogue disproportionate to their actual achievement.

Many of the smaller cities and most of the larger towns have been deprived of all opportunity to see good plays well acted. The best they could hope for would be either an occasional visit from a star, filling in a week of one-night stands between two large cities, or a few performances of a recent metropolitan success by a "number three company." Many representative plays of American, British and foreign authors were available in print; but plays are never written primarily for reading, and they reveal their full dramatic force only when they are performed. To judge a play by the printed page only is like trying to judge a picture by a photograph only; and in neither case is it possible to enjoy the richness of color. The Little Theaters brought the acted play to many places where the interest in the drama had been kept alive only by the printed play. And even in the big cities, the commercial theater had neglected a host of pieces which true lovers of the drama longed to behold,—those of Lord Dunsany, for example, and those of Maeterlinck.

As many of Maeterlinck's earlier pieces and most of those translated from Chekov and Schnitzler, Bracco and Benevente, were not protected by copyright, there was a natural temptation to the Little Theaters to specialize unduly in the exotic drama, a tendency encouraged by our cosmopolitanism and by our abiding colonialism which leads us to accept a foreign trade-mark as the warrant of superiority. These importations were not always wisely selected; not a few of these foreign plays were lacking in veracity; many of them were morbidly false to life as it really is; and most of them were unduly sombre. It is as true now as it was when Schiller said it, and when Matthew Arnold quoted it, that "all art is dedicated to joy, and there is no higher and no

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more serious problem than to make men happy; the right art is that alone which creates the highest enjoyment." Only too often did the Little Theaters force their audiences to take their pleasure sadly,—to borrow Froissart's apt phrase.

Even when they produced plays by American authors the result was often joyless. Yet the Little Theaters did provide an opportunity for half-a-dozen American playwrights to come forward with one-act plays which presented aspects of our own life not before seized and set upon the stage. The spreading interest in the drama will accomplish nothing if it does not result in a more vivid representation and a more beautiful interpretation of American life. Native plays are more important to us than imported plays. It is good for us to be allowed to see other peoples as they see themselves; but it is better for us to see ourselves as we appear to one another. To us, here in America, one *Great Divide* or even one *College Widow* is worth a dozen *Cherry Orchards.* What we need in America is that the drama shall delight us with that pungent local flavor which we relish in our native fiction and especially in our short-stories, wherein Hawthorne and Bret Harte, Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, Octave Thanet and Hamlin Garland, Cable and Wister helped us to see the multicolored spectroscope of our vast territory.

Because of their poverty of resources the Little Theaters have been forced to devote the most of their energies to the one-act play. Now, the one-act play is to the three-act drama what the short-story is to the novel. It has its own special technic, its own artistic possibilities and its own obvious limitations. Unfortunately the commercial managers both in Great Britain and in the United States have come to the conclusion that it is not profitable to produce one-act plays; and this decision is disadvantageous. Our story-tellers learn their trade spinning brief tales for the magazines before they venture to use the experience thus acquired in long novels. So Scribe and the crowd of collaborators that encompassed him about began modestly with the composition of one-act plays. So did Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; and so did Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas. And this is plainly one of the most useful functions of the Little Theaters,—to encourage the first flights of fledgling playmakers,—to help them through their period of apprenticeship by the practical experience of

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actual performance. Nothing is more instructive to the novice than the disenchanting labor of rehearsal—nothing, that is to say, except actual performance before an audience, which discloses instantly and pitilessly the weak spots in the structure of the play.

IV

At rehearsal the faltering footsteps of the 'prentice playwright are guided by the stage-manager,—the "producer" as he is now called, a personage whose duties have of late become increasingly important. The author ought to be his own producer, when he is competent for the task; and many authors are past masters in the art—Sir Arthur Pinero for one, and for another Mr. Augustus Thomas. The manager sometimes undertakes the delicate and difficult task of production, and Mr. Belasco is a renowned expert. The producer is probably more or less responsible for the choice of actors fitted for the several parts; and when they are selected it is the producer who advises them and who unifies their efforts, deciding upon the tone and the tempo of the performance. He has the selection of the scenery, the properties and the accessories; and he it is who regulates the lighting.

The producer needs to be a man of unusual endowment, and therefore he is rare. He must be born for his work; and he needs to be trained for it after he is born. He must have the instinct, the intuition, the native gift, and he must have also learnt how to accomplish an ideal result with the means at his disposal.

As competent producers are very few and as their services are therefore at a premium, they are likely already to have formed alliances with the regular managers; and the Little Theaters had perforce to develop producers of their own. And in half a dozen cases they have been fortunate in finding men who had a goodly share of the native gift and who were able rapidly to acquire the needed experience. These younger producers had the further advantage that they were not unduly hampered by the restraining traditions of the regular theater, many of which were no longer demanded by the newer methods of stage-presentation. Their lack of money forced them to simplify their stage-settings; and as usual necessity was the mother of

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invention. They were privileged to call to their aid workers in the several arts, eagerly enthusiastic in their efforts to make the best of limited resources; and occasionally the result was beautifully imaginative in its suggestive simplicity.

But while the Little Theater often gave us plays which were welcome and while they sometimes produced these plays satisfactorily, they were less successful in gathering actors competent to bring out all that the plays themselves contained. The immense majority of the performers in the improvised companies of the Little Theaters were amateurs, with the fiery ardor of the volunteer recruit but without the steadiness of the trained veteran. Acting seems to be the easiest of the arts, and in its beginnings, it is. Few of us have failed to see performances by school-girls and by college-boys which were surprising in their effectiveness, because the young players were supported by the interest of the story and of the situations. But this juvenile spontaneity can carry the novice but a little way; and the higher levels of histrionic craftsmanship are attained by only a chosen few, richly endowed and rigorously trained.

The most accomplished comedian at the end of the nineteenth century was Coquelin; and he once described to an interviewer his method of creating a character: "When I have to create a part, I begin by reading the play with the greatest attention five or six times. First, I consider what position my character should occupy, on what plane in the picture I must put him. Then I study his psychology, finding out what he thinks, what he is morally. I deduce what he ought to be physically, what will be his carriage, his manner of speaking, his gesture. These characteristics once decided, I learn the part without thinking about it further; then, when I know it, I take up my man again and closing my eyes, I say to him, 'Recite this for me.' Then I see him delivering the speech, the sentence I asked him for; he lives, he speaks, he gesticulates before me; and then I have only to imitate him." A procedure of this suggestive simplicity would be impossible to the 'prentice players who made up the companies of the Little Theaters; and the most that these 'prentice players were competent to do was to obey with docility the directions of the producer as best they could.

If the producer was able to impose his ideas and to get them carried out approximately, he could secure a fair result in plays carefully chosen not to demand from the recruit a

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service which could be rendered only by the veteran. So it was that the Little Theaters were most successful when they selected dramas of bold situation and refrained from comedies of subtle characterization. The shrewder producers recognized this limitation swiftly, although sometimes not until after they had put a comedy into rehearsal, and after they had striven in vain to impart to inexperienced performers the easy grace, the certainty of touch, the finish and the polish which high comedy demands.

The Theater Workshop, for example, obtained permission to perform an American one-act comedy the chief character in which had originally been sustained by Agnes Booth, the most brilliant of comic actresses of a quarter of a century ago; and the piece had to be taken out of rehearsal because its effective performance was not possible by 'prentice players. The same fate was about to befall another little piece put in rehearsal by the Morningside Players, from which it was saved by a happy thought of the producer's. The play was a brisk and lively satire with its action taking place in the trenches. As the young actors were intelligent, they could deliver the clever dialogue with appreciation of its pointed humor; but as they were inexperienced they could not achieve the appropriate facial expression and the seemingly instinctive gesture. At the last moment the producer solved the difficulty, by lowering the lights so as to leave the actors in the shadow, revealing themselves only at intervals and only in profile. Thus he compelled them to rely solely on the modulated intonations of their voices to convey to the audience the purport of the play.

To record these things is to admit that the Little Theaters have their special limitations as they have their special opportunities and possibilities. They have had their failures and their successes; probably they have come to stay; and it will be interesting to observe their evolution in the immediate future and to discover whether or not they will have any ultimate influence on the American drama.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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POETRY, IMAGINATION, AND EDUCATION

BY AMY LOWELL

PERHAPS there never was a time when education received so much general attention as it does to-day. The world is deluged with books, pamphlets, and reviews on the subject, new systems are continually jostling the old out of place, new methods are constantly being applied, the very end and aim of education itself seems to change from time to time.

That the object of education should be to fit the child for life, is such a trite and well-worn saying that people smile at its commonplaceness even while they agree with its obvious common sense. But the many ways of fitting the child, and the very various and diverse lives that have to be fitted for, are so perplexing that it is small wonder that curriculums multiply and still multiply their subjects in order to keep up with the complexity of modern existence.

More and more of late years has the old education by means of the humanities been broken down, and instead of it we see substituted a sort of vocational training. Children are now taught to do, where, in the older systems, they were taught to think. It is as if we had learnt to distrust what we cannot see, to demand an immediate tangible result for the outlay of preparation. This is perhaps largely due to our national temper. We are always in a hurry. But does this constant haste produce the results desired? "Evolution, not revolution, is the order of development," says Mr. Hughes, in his book on comparative education, and education is a process requiring much time. Nature cannot be hurried; there is no such thing as cramming possible to her methods. A congested curriculum results in the proper assimilation of no one subject; and what can we think of a primary school, boasting only one teacher, in which the children were taught seventeen subjects, with fifteen minutes given to each sub-

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ject, as was the case some years ago in a school that came under my observation!

No educator is so insensate as to approve of such a method, and it is just in the hope of simplifying education that this idea of dropping the humanities has been evolved. But, in considering the means as the end, to what are we led? What is the result of an over-insistence upon fact, and an under-emphasis upon the development of faculties? It is a result little realized for the most part—one which may fit in with the views of the more extreme socialists, perhaps, but hardly in accord with those rights of the individual which have always been America's brightest ideal. For it is precisely the humanities which develop individuality. A knowledge of facts does not make us men; it is the active use of brains which does that. Whatever tends to make the brain supple and self-reliant is a direct help to personality.

Perhaps the two qualities which more than any others go to the making of a strong personality are character and imagination. Character means courage, and there is a great difference between the collective courage of a mass of people all thinking the same way, and the courage of a man who cares not at all for public opinion but follows his own chosen path unswervingly. Our national ideal as to the moral attitude is high; what the people understand, and what they all agree about, that they will do; but it is not so easy to find men who are willing to think and act at variance with the opinions of their neighbors. We see this trait constantly in those people who live beyond their incomes; who must have this and that because their friends have it. This weakness gnaws at the foundation of our national existence like an insidious disease. For, with all our talk of individualism, we are among the least individual of nations. The era of machine-made articles has swept over the land, and nowhere is its product more deteriorating than in the machine-made types which our schools turn out.

I do not wish to be misunderstood: I do not mean that these types are poor or bad types, on the contrary, machines work with a wonderful precision; but these types are run in a mould, or rather several moulds. The result is a high state of mediocrity. But there is a danger here which we do not quite foresee. Machines are controlled by the men who make and work them. Upon the few with the brains to create and guide, the destinies of the others therefore depend. There

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has never been such a machine-made people as the Germans; and we can see clearly to-day, as we could not some years ago, what happens to such a people when the guiding powers are unscrupulous and wrought upon by an overweening ambition.

A democracy can succeed only through an enlightened proletariat. If character and imagination are the essentials to a strong personality, one capable of directing itself and not at the mercy of demagogues and fanatics, then we should leave no stones unturned to gain this end. I think I make no unwise statement when I say that it is only in those minds possessing but a modicum of imagination that the value of the humanities as an educational factor is denied.

It is clearly not my purpose, in this paper, to speak of character building, neither have I space to go into all the ways in which the faculty of imagination might be stimulated, but there is one, and I think the most important one, the value of which is only imperfectly understood. I mean literature, and more especially poetry.

We all agree that the aim of education is to fit the child for life. But the differences of opinion as to how that fitting is to be done are almost as many as there are men to hold them. Again, we all agree as to the necessity of building up a strong character, but here again we are at variance as to the method to be employed. Still, upon these points the world is in accord; the point on which it differs radically is precisely that of imagination. Fully half of our pedagogues cannot see that imagination is the root of all civilization. Like love, it may very fairly be said to " make the world go round." But as it works out of sight, it is given very little credit for what it performs.

Pedagogy is being treated as a science, which would seem a start in the right direction, were it not that true science must be exact, mathematically so, and capable of being proved backwards. The slightest mistake in facts or reasoning throws the result hopelessly out. Is it possible that, with all our scientific pretensions, we have overlooked a primary link in a logical chain? Is it possible that that link is the importance of the subconscious? Can it be said that the very lack of imagination in the pedagogic mind is responsible for this fatal error? But let us leap to no conclusions. Even if we think we see an end, let us not postulate upon it until we have reached it, step by step, and have proved its existence.

Character is no new thing in the world, neither is imagi-

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nation, nor, indeed, education. Our ancestors were as much interested in these things as we are. Like us, they talked of character and education, and, like us, they did not talk of imagination. And yet I think it can easily be proved that their methods were more favorable to its development than our own.

Let us forget theories for the moment and take our stand upon an unassailable truism: namely, that the object of education is to educate. Now, once more, forgetting the dusty cobwebs of twentieth century discussion, let us consider the old dictionary definition of "To Educate," which is "To bring forth and form the natural faculties": to bring forth and form the natural faculties, to bring out the best that the child has in him so that no talent nor power shall be left latent, and then so to train and cultivate these talents and powers that the child shall obtain perfect control over them, and make them of the fullest use.

Nothing is said here about fitting the child for life. Our ancestors considered that so obvious a fact as to need no stating, and this very reticence proves an imaginative attitude which we seem to have lost to-day.

It might be said quite truthfully that no one was ever taught anything—that one learnt, but was not taught: that what the mind was ready for, the mind received, that what the mind was not ready for fell away and was forgotten. Therefore the true end of education as such must be to train the mind. Another truism, you will say. Granted—but how is this same training to be done?

The last generation believed in the old classic education; they had forgotten why, in many cases, but the prejudice remained that Greek and Latin were the best training. The reason was a perfectly valid one, Greek and Latin were hard to learn and needed brain application, also they could not be learnt by rote; the boy had to use his mind and his imagination, and being accustomed to using his mind and imagination in his studies he brought them to bear on other things as well.

We have not dropped the old classical education entirely, but we have added many other things to it, and in so doing have diminished the amount of time and thought given to it, and consequently the amount of benefit to be derived from it. Of the things which we have added, some are really good, others appear so, but the total effect does not seem so very far in advance of the old method after all.

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Our children are turned out with a smattering of many subjects, but can we say that they are any better educated than the men and women who preceded them? Are they better equipped for life, do they find the problems that they have to solve easier of solution? For there is one great fault in our educational systems to-day, they teach but they do not train; and the one faculty without which no other can come to fruition is never really trained at all, for we cannot deny that imagination is forced to strive against adverse circumstances both at home and in school.

Years ago, before the education of children was considered so important a subject as it is now, lessons were given in certain well-defined subjects; reading, writing, and ciphering (as it was then called) formed the staple of the school course, supplemented by geography, Latin, and in the case of little girls, sewing.

Dreary enough these lessons must have been, for a-b, ab, many times repeated, fails to germinate any interesting train of thought; and pot hooks and hangers scrawled in interminable succession with a squeaky slate pencil on a slate leave the imagination cold.

But even if the lessons themselves were not in the least alluring, this same imagination was stimulated by the best of all methods, by the good old-fashioned fairy story; either told by some old nurse, or read out of enchanting books with innumerable quaint woodcuts, so that forever after the names of certain tales were inseparably bound up with the woodcuts in question, and to name the one was to see the other. There was no moral hidden away in these stories, except the somewhat vague one that the good always triumphed in the end; their aim was to amuse, to charm, and even sometimes to terrify, to beguile the child along the paths of unreality into the great and beautiful world of romance. Romance is a grasp of the ideal, an endeavor to express by symbols the great truths of life. Wedded to rhythm it becomes poetry. It is the striving of the soul after the unattainable. And into this rich world the child entered through the portals of the fairy story, as thousands of years before the nations in their childhood had entered; as the *Nibelungen Lied,* the Norse sagas, and the myths of every land are here to testify.

But to-day the fairy story is discountenanced, or if the child is beguiled into reading a book purporting to be about a certain Jack Frost, a sprightly elf, he speedily discovers

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that he is really reading a treatise on the action of frost. One child's magazine absolutely forbids fairy stories, and, in all, information, whether given outright or cleverly disguised as in the Jack Frost story, preponderates. This is a work-a-day world and solid information is at a premium. So we have "Life in a Lighthouse," "Careers of Danger and Daring," "How a Big City is Lighted," "The Children's Room at the Smithsonian," "English Public Schools," "The Fairy Land of Science," and many more articles and books, very informing doubtless, but doubtless also very uninspiring.

These deal with the facts of life, and facts are most important things; but fancies are important too, and the fancies are not much cultivated to-day.

It is doubtful if fancy can be cultivated directly; it is too subtle and elusive, it must grow of itself; but conditions can be made conducive or the reverse. To be conducted through the realms of poetry and romance by a grown-up person, as one of a class of children all with differing needs and perceptions, at a given rate of speed, is not conducive to such growth.

To gain the greatest amount out of a book, one must read it as inclination leads, some parts are to be hurried over quickly, others read slowly and many times over; the mind will take what it needs, and dwell upon it, and make it its own.

Its connotations are really what make a book of use in stimulating the imagination. As a musical note is richer the more overtones it has, so a book is richer the more it ramifies into trains of thought. But there must be time and space for the thought to develop, the reader must not be interrupted by impertinent comments and alien suggestions.

We all hate the poetry we learnt at school. Why? Is it because it was in school that we learnt it, or is it because the conditions were such that we never really learnt it at all, because the fine inner sense of it and its beauty of expression were both hidden from us.

Children never know why a thing is beautiful, but if their taste has not been perverted they often feel that it is so. This feeling can be cultivated and improved until the time comes when the child can know why.

There are two ways in which books stimulate the imagination, one is by beauty of thought, the other is by beauty

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of form. It takes a much wiser head than a child's to say why certain combinations of words are beautiful, but even a child can feel their charm. A story well told and a story ill told are as the poles asunder. At first one might deny that a child could have artistic perception enough to notice the difference. But that would be merely to confuse with technical jargon. The primary test of good writing is really very simple. It consists in the effect produced. The well told story will make the child thrill with delight, its scenes will be real to him, its people his own dear friends; the ill told story will not keep his attention, and nothing in it will interest him much.

For the object of writing is to produce a given effect. The writing will be good according as the effect is produced or not. Simple actions are easily described; the old spelling book did not need to be possessed of much literary ability when it told us that "The boy is on the box," but it was good writing as far as it went. From that to Shakespeare's poetry and Pater's prose is merely a question of degree. The effect is infinitely more subtle, more penetrating, but the words are equally adequate, and convey the meaning in the same succinct manner.

At first the child merely knows that this story or that story is interesting, that certain other stories are not interesting, he does not attempt to analyze why. Later he will make his first true criticism, he will say, "It does not seem real," or "Nobody would do so." He has detected bad writing, his imagination refuses to give credence to what his instinct declares not to be true. Gradually these criticisms of matter are added to by criticisms of form, and we have, "Nobody would talk like that."

What makes the child think that nobody would do thus and so, or that nobody would talk in such and such a way? Partly his knowledge of life as he has lived it, of course. But he has lived a very small life, his experiences have necessarily been few. But through the life of his imagination he has been able to live much more, he has gained a conception of life far beyond anything that he has ever experienced.

If one can imagine oneself a child of twelve years old denuded of any knowledge or idea of anything except what he can have known or seen in his daily life, one will at once see how much more meagre his conceptions would be than is actually the case. Therefore, what makes the child think

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that this or that thing which he is reading about is false, is the knowledge that he has gained through his imagination.

The power of judgment is like water running up hill, it cannot rise higher than its own level, and judgment cannot go beyond the experience which informs it. To be sure that the judgment is sound, the school in which the experience is gained must be true to life. Only the best in literature and art is this, and it is with the best in literature and art that our children must be familiar.

There is a popular impression that so-called "children's books" are the proper reading for children, and certainly very few children's books can be classed as belonging to the best in literature. But also the really great books are few in any literature, and there is much inspiration and profit to be got from books below this highest grade. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are like mountain peaks, the horizon is wider on the heights, the air purer and more invigorating; but literature has its byways, and shady lanes, and quiet sequestered places as well, and because we enjoy mountain-climbing does not prove that there is no profit to be got in rambling through these simpler paths.

Many books purporting to be written for children are very good, have become classics indeed; *Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass,* George Macdonald's *Princess and the Goblin,* and Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring,* come under this class. But the mass of children's books are poor with a poverty only varying in degree. This brings us to the question of whether children's reading should be confined to juvenile books.

The old argument that children do not understand grown-up books is really a groundless one. Some books written for older people are more enjoyed in childhood than they ever will be later. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is a good example of this, and in the case of many people it would be true also of the novels of both Scott and Dickens.

Even in cases where the full meaning is only faintly grasped, there is often much pleasure to be gained and consequently much profit. This is especially true of poetry. Children are often captivated by poetry which they cannot possibly understand, and the charm lies partly in the images it conjures up and partly in the music of the syllables; the main purport of the poem remaining concealed. But who shall say that this enjoyment in something so balanced and

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beautiful as a great poem has not a stimulating effect upon the imagination?

James Russell Lowell has told us that when he was a very little boy his sister used to read him to sleep with Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. It was the first poem he ever heard and he was very fond of it, but it was not until many years later that he discovered that it had a double meaning. How much his early intimacy with Spenser and other authors of the same class had in determining the extreme delicacy of his literary perception it is impossible to tell, but it is certain that it was not without effect.

It is always difficult to decide how much early environment has to do with later development, but all education is based on the belief that it has much to do with it, and one could cite instance after instance to prove this theory.

There is a remarkable example in the case of Charlotte Brontë. Her style has great vigor and beauty. It is exquisitely proportioned, quick, sure, and subtle. This seems extraordinary in the daughter of a poor country clergyman, whose nominal education was got at an inferior boarding-school, whose life was passed in a little country town, only varied by a few attempts at teaching as a governess in the country houses of richer families, and by one year and ten months in a *pension* in Brussels. But when we consider what her reading was as a child it does not seem so strange. In Mrs. Ward's introduction to *Jane Eyre* in the Haworth edition of Miss Brontë's novels, is the following passage:

> There were no children's books at Haworth Parsonage. The children were nourished upon the food of their elders: The Bible, Shakespeare, Addison, Johnson, Sheridan, Cowper, for the past; Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, *Blackwood's Magazine, Fraser's Magazine,* and Leigh Hunt for the moderns; on a constant supply of newspapers, Whig and Tory—Charlotte once said to a friend that she had taken an interest in politics since she was five years old—on current biographies, such as Lockhart's *Life of Burns,* Moore's *Lives of Byron and Sheridan,* Southey's *Nelson,* Wolf's *Remains;* and on miscellaneous readings of old Methodist magazines, Mrs. Rowe's *Letters from the Dead to the Living,* the *British Essayist,* collected from the *Rambler,* the *Mirror* and elsewhere, and stories from the *Lady's Magazine.* They breathed, therefore, as far as books were concerned, a bracing and stimulating air from the beginning. Nothing was softened or adapted for them.

It will be objected that Charlotte Brontë was a genius, that her reading alone would never have enabled her to write as she did. True; but even genius needs to be trained!

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But what has style to do with imagination, some people will ask. Style has everything to do with imagination. A really good style cannot exist without imagination. As we have said that the test of good writing is in the effect produced, and that the object of all writing is to produce a given effect, so that effect must first be clear to the mind of the writer, and this requires imagination.

The writer conceives of his idea through the power of imagination, and through the power of imagination the idea takes form again in the reader's mind, the vehicle of transmission is the writer's style. The more fully developed the imagination of both writer and reader, and the more adequate the style, the more perfectly transmitted is the idea.

Imagination is behind all the great things that have been said and done in the world. All the great discoveries, all the great reforms, they have all been imagined first. Not a poem has been written, not a sermon preached, not an invention perfected, but has been first conceived. And yet imagination must take a second place to-day and give room for the learning of so-called *useful* things!

In a list of the books for Boys and Girls in a large public library near Boston, the subjects are divided under headings. "Poetry" takes up only a part of one page out of a catalogue of twenty-nine pages; "Fairy Tales and Folk-lore" have another page, while one page and a half is devoted to "Inventions and Occupations," and one page to "Outdoor Life." Of course, some of the books that come under other headings, such as "Famous Old Stories" and "Other Countries" are really good literature, but appallingly few. Leaving out those sections devoted to "Younger Readers" and "For Older Boys and Girls," that is, taking the middle section which is especially adapted for children of the Grammar School age, I find, out of a total of four hundred and seven books that the only ones which could be considered good literature are Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy,* Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe,* Hughes' *Tom Brown's School Days,* Stevenson's *Treasure Island,* Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper,* Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker,* Kipling's *Jungle Book,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress, Don Quixote;* Hawthorne's *Wonder Book, Tanglewood Tales,* and *Grandfather's Chair; The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* (Meyer, Leaf and Butcher's translations); Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;* Malory's *King Arthur;*

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Shakespeare (The Ben Greet Edition); *Gulliver's Travels;* and Marryat's *Masterman Ready* and *Children of the New Forest.*

The poetry list is unaccountably inadequate, consisting almost entirely of individual poems. The only volumes listed are: Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha,* Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome,* Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion,* Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses,* Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* and Whittier's *Snow-bound.* The rest of the list is as follows: Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum,* Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin,* Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner,* Eugene Field's *Lullaby Land,* Holmes's *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle,* Jean Ingelow's *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,* Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish,* and Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

Here, it will be observed, are a number of poems of an inferior order—classics indubitably, but not the great classics, with the marked exception of *The Ancient Mariner,* for Shakespeare is, amusingly enough, listed, not under "Poetry," but under "Famous Old Stories," as though the plays were more important as plots than as poems.

There are also collections of poetry, ten of them, of which the best are Henley's *Lyra Heroica,* Lang's *Blue Poetry Book,* and Lucas's *Book of Verses for Children.*

The fairy tale section is even worse, and how dreary the inclusion of the word "Folk-lore" in a catalogue intended for the use of children! Certainly, the erudite person who made this selection never reads fairy stories for amusement. The pseudo-scientific flavor of "folk-lore" has intrigued him sadly, else why include Kingsley's *Greek Heroes* under "Fairy tales," why entirely exclude Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring* and George Macdonald's *Princess and the Goblin* and *Princess and Curdy,* these last both better books than *At the Back of the North Wind,* by the same author, which has been allowed? What is the matter with *Through the Looking Glass,* since *Alice in Wonderland* is here, and here without the asterisk which tells the child that the library contains other books by the same author. Think of growing up conversant with only half of Alice! Where are the delightful fairy tales of Mrs. Molesworth, where are those of Perrault, of Lord Brabourne, and why are Andrew Lang's long series of colored fairy books represented by only one,

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and again with no asterisk? Poor little children, at the mercy of such elders as this compiling gentleman!

The list for older boys and girls is somewhat better, and here we find *Through the Looking Glass,* though why it should be considered too advanced for younger readers I cannot imagine. But the fact that this older section starts out with Miss Addams's *Twenty Years at Hull House* is eloquent of the attitude of the present day. Alas for imagination, when the inclusion of such a volume in such a list is possible!

It is true, a child can have any book that the library contains by asking for it. But the children who frequent the library belong to the poorer classes, and their only chance of becoming familiar with books out of school is at the Public Library. At home, they are not surrounded with a large culture which makes the names of the great writers household words to them. How do they know what to ask for? A catalogue tells them nothing, and the only shelves they have access to until they are eighteen are those containing the books in the list I have been quoting. And this is in a town famous for its educational system!

Probably the catalogues intended for the use of children in our large libraries would show conditions to be less unfortunate, but I think the one I have quoted is at least typical.

There is no education like self-education, and no stimulus to the imagination so good as that which it gives itself when allowed to roam through the pent-up stores of the world's imaginings at will.

There is a class of people known to all librarians as "browsers." They wander from shelf to shelf, now reading here, now there; sometimes dipping into ten books in the hour, sometimes absorbed in one for the whole day. If we look back to our childhood we shall see how large a part "browsing" had in our education. One book suggested another, and as we finished one we knew the next that was waiting to be begun. They stretched on and on in a delightful and never ending vista. The joy of those hours when we sat cross-legged on the floor, or perched on the top of a ladder, a new world hidden behind the covers of every book within reach, and perfect liberty to open the covers and enter at will, can never be forgotten.

We talk about "creating a demand for books" among the children of the masses, and about "giving them the read-

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ing habit." The best way to do this is to have a well-stocked reading room of good books, books for grown-up people as well as for children, and let the children have free access to the shelves. They will be found reading strange things often —strange from the point of view of the grown-up person, that is. But in most cases their instincts will be good guides, and they will read what is best for them.

There is too much teaching to-day.

We love and admire certain things rather in spite of what people say than because of it. We like to compare notes with some one who enjoys the same things that we do, but the real enjoyment was there before. Beauty cannot be proved as a mathematical problem can. If beauty is its own excuse for being, it is also its own teacher for perceiving. Contact with beautiful things creates a taste for the beautiful, if there is any taste to be created.

Not every one has a great deal of imagination, but every one has a certain amount capable of cultivation, and the chief stimulators of imagination are the arts—poetry, music, painting; the humanities as opposed to the materialities.

The boy who said that his Shakespeare class was only questioned on the notes, and so, as the boys were pressed for time, they only read the notes, was giving the most eloquent testimony as to the absolute unfitness of his teacher. Doubtless the teacher would have been horrified had he known of this state of things, but his own imagination must have been very much in need of cultivating for him not to have noticed it.

For the last two years of my school course, we were given lectures on Shakespeare by an eminent Harvard professor. I remember those lectures very well, they made an indelible impression. We learnt everything about the plays we studied except the things that mattered. Not a historical allusion, not an antiquarian tit-bit, escaped us. The plays were made mines of valueless information. Out of them we delved all sorts of stray and curious facts which were as unimportant to Shakespeare as to us. Not once in those two years were we bidden to notice the poetry, not once was there a single aesthetic analysis. The plays might have been written in the baldest prose for all the eminent professor seemed to care. They became merely "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore," and if what we learnt at those lectures were a criterion, might indeed have been promptly

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and satisfactorily dismissed. So much time and energy had been wasted in finding out these things, and when found out their proper goal was the bonfire.

In my own case, however, I was saved—saved from the clutches of ignorant and unimaginative Academia—by coming across a volume in my father's library which opened a door that might otherwise have always remained shut. Browsing about one day, I found Leigh Hunt's *Imagination and Fancy*. I did not read it, I devoured it. I read it over and over, and then I turned to the works of the poets referred to, and tried to read them by the light of the new aesthetic perception I had learnt from Hunt.

So engulfed in this new pursuit was I, that I used to inveigle my school-mates up to my room and read them long stretches of Shelley, and Keats, and Coleridge, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Guided by Hunt, I found a new Shakespeare, one of whom I had never dreamt, and so the plays were saved for me, and nothing was left of the professor's lectures except an immense bitterness for the lost time.

I have often thought that in this book of Leigh Hunt's we have an excellent text-book for what should be the proper teaching of literature, and especially of poetry. Poetry is an art, and to emphasize anything else in teaching it is to deny its true function.

The study of what is now called the "science of aesthetics" is a difficult one. Such a book as Mr. Willard Huntington Wright's *The Creative Will* is immensely stimulating to the artist, but would be only confusing to school-children, even to those of High School grade. But much of this volume, much of the many volumes on the subject, could be expressed in simple terms. Beginning by stimulating the child's aesthetic perceptions in the very primitive manner of the child's own reactions, an example of which I gave earlier in this article, the teacher can easily inculcate certain rules and touchstones, enlarging upon them from year to year, and in this manner lay a firm foundation for literary understanding; for it is only through understanding that literature, and particularly poetry, can function as a direct stimulus to imagination.

I realize perfectly that this method would put a great strain on our teachers. It is comparatively easy to learn a series of antiquarian allusions and reel them off to a class; to analyze an aesthetic scheme is a much more difficult mat-

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ter. I was interested to come across this very idea in an essay of Professor Dowden's which I read lately. But, having pointed out the difficulty, the wise professor ignored it, and proceeded to write his paper without the inclusion of a single aesthetic preoccupation. To be sure, he apologized for this in the preface, but the essay was published.

We see, therefore, that to permit poetry to exert its imaginative training upon youth, a complete change must take place in the method by which it is taught. We must lay aside the academic tricks of the trade. Our teachers and expounders must first put themselves to school; they must desert the easy path of historical anecdote for the difficult one of aesthetic comprehension. They must teach their pupils what poetry is, and why it is good, greater, greatest. They must be enthusiastic pioneers for themselves and for their classes. They must forget the mass of criticism (most of it mischievous) grown up about the classics, and rediscover them with delight. An excellent way to begin would be to conduct a course upon living poets.

The most significant thing in America to-day is the popular demand for poetry. It has grown by leaps and bounds. I read recently in a newspaper that the demand for poetry at the training-camps was extraordinary. In the *Book News Monthly* for July is an interesting chart showing the increase in the publication of books on poetry and the drama since 1902. In that year, 220 such books were published in the United States; in 1916, there were 663. More volumes of this kind were issued than of any other kind except fiction, and fiction exceeded only by seventy-three volumes. The publication of fiction has markedly diminished of late years. Why? Simply because poetry is really much more vital than fiction. Once poetry had thrown off its shackles, once it had begun to speak freely, sturdily, with the voice of its own age, it found a ready audience. Even Academia is listening, puzzled a little perhaps, but still becoming daily more attentive. I have had various teachers tell me sadly that the difficulty in speaking of it to a class is that they do not know the good modern poetry from the bad, it is all so "different." What is the matter? What has happened to the critical faculty within the walls of learning? I am sorry to have to say it, but the answer is "pure laziness." It is so much easier to run through a couple of volumes of somebody else's conclusions and be guided by them, than to form

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one's own by first-hand contact with works of art. And then, too, it opens one to an awful danger. One may be wrong! Still, the world is growing, and humanists, no more than scientists, can afford to live in an intellectual backwater.

The humanities are not yet a dead letter; one cannot push out of place something which is daily proving itself an emotional force of profound importance. Granted that, as taught, they might as well go, so might science if it taught that the world was flat. Taught as they should be, imagination might once again assert its saving power over a materialistic world.

The printed outline of work for the English Department of one of our High Schools begins with the following sentence: "The primary aim during the first year is to read works of standard authors which, while quickening the imagination and presenting a strong element of interest, shall reinforce the History and the Latin." Imagination in parentheses: that is the attitude of education to-day! And until it is once more considered as worthy of being the end of a sentence and the end of an endeavor, education will not be the harmonious and nicely balanced thing that perfect development presupposes.

AMY LOWELL.

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BEFORE THE WAR—II

NOTES ON THE GENIUS OF PLACES

BY VERNON LEE

THE WOODS AROUND SIENA

ALREADY in a note written nearly fifteen years ago on returning to Siena, I asked myself where so much of its romance could have gone; and answered, even then, " where one's youth goes."

Is it for this reason, or perhaps that old German and Swiss towns have given me the habit of a richer, more colored, warmer and more intimate kind of picturesqueness? This much is certain, that Siena now strikes me as far more grim and gaunt, far more of the mere magnified mountain village, all black shafts and black archways, than my remembrance seemed to allow. Its color has dimmed! For I remembered it as predominantly of rosy pink, and now even the Palazzo Pubblico and its tower are but the carnation of a faded threadbare Eastern carpet.

Yet the weather was cloudless during these two days and the swallows circled in pure blue round that flower-and-flower stalk tower. Where is the gayness of Siena, as of its own cobalt and rose frescoes and gold-stencilled panels? Or would those also, if I had gone to see them, have seemed tarnished to my changed eyes?

There is sadness and humiliation in such infidelity to places, all the more that the Genius Loci, alone perhaps of all friends, has never turned round with an " it is your fault." So, evidently it has been my fault.

But one thing has *not* faded (although the hills seen from the Lizza are very dim blue from heat-mist or mist of years) and that is the odd longing with which those low hills south-west of Siena have always filled me.

Indeed I remember as if it were yesterday, I can almost feel, the little stab-in-the-heart, of the ultramarine of those hills beyond the Lizza, as I first saw them some thirty-eight

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years ago: that special blueness against the ivory evening sky, identified itself with, became, so to speak, the color of, longing for the unattainable, the color of parting from the too briefly enjoyed.

And now, at last, thanks to the modern miracle of motor cars, I have been among those hills.

But first let me note down the accomplishment of a lesser wish, neglected, I scarcely know why, during those previous stays at Siena. I was taken, by the American novelist who has so great a knowledge of Italian Gardens, to the Villa Gori outside Porta Ovile, whose little white rococo façade on the green hill opposite the station had attracted me, reproachfully, every time I left Siena, and left without having gone up to it.

The house itself is merely like a hundred other eighteenth century Tuscan country houses. But a tunnel of clipped ilexes leads from it to a uniquely perfect open-air theatre, whose stage and orchestra and side scenes of clipped cypress stand out a vivid golden green in the sunshine at the end of that blackness. The theatre is quite small and the speaking voice carries very easily. But from the solitary cypress projecting obelisk-wise above the stage, a full-fledged nightingale was singing to the blue sky and sunset-flushed cumulus clouds of that wide vault of sky above the low, green Sienese hills.

Besides the theatre, there was likewise cut out of evergreens, a fowling place of the usual old Tuscan type, facing the town and its walls and towers. To it led another tunnel of clipped ilex which, with that dark murderous decoy-mound instead of the sunny theatre, at its end, struck one as much blacker, more gnarled and wholly evil. Indeed, however cheerful such domed walks of green look from outside, this particular *Tonnelle* (I think the tiresome English name is *pleached walk*) brought home to me the dreadfulness of trees thus tortured for shade, forbidden to turn a single green leaf to the earth, and displaying to those walking under their devastated uniting branches only black and writhing trunks and limbs, Laocoons, or as in Mantegna's Allegory, black Daphnes trying to break loose and threatening to pursue the passer-by in the twilight. And here, no doubt, the only song would be that of the blinded decoy-birds in their little cages, and the shrieks of the netted and limed victims.

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Ilex-woods have always fascinated me, particularly unmixed ones, since seeing those back of Spoleto, or perhaps even earlier. There is, as with the box of Box Hill, and the yew of Kingly Vale near Chichester, a special attractiveness when trees we associate with gardens, trees which almost trim themselves unaided, are offered as a free and ample gift by some spot still untouched by man. Even with the junipers on the chalk downs, the hornbeam beech worn down by Apennine sheep and snows into a semblance of hedges, the mind hovers pleasantly between the idea of forsaken pleasances and the wild life of woods: one thinks of sylvans, but sylvans like those of marble or old lead.

At Cetinale, some fifteen miles southwest of Siena, all such hankerings are gratified. The natural ilex-woods clipped regularly through centuries for charcoal, whose former ovens make everywhere fantastic soft black circles in the moss and fallen leaves, the ilex-woods have there had a steep path or flight of steps (not unlike the ladders of waterfall at the highest points of Roman villas) cut vertically through their thickness, right up from the villa gates and bowling green to a square barrocco building, shooting lodge or hermitage, at the very top. And through the gentler slopes of the woods run wide roads past forsaken charcoal-ovens, roads up which the Cardinal, who has glorified himself in huge inscriptions on the palace below, might at his ease follow the hunt in a litter slung between long-horned white bullocks, or even in a glass-coach, what time the villa was in pristine order. In his day, some scant three centuries ago, or even much more recently, these ilex-woods round Siena, continuous here and there with the then still-unshorn virgin forests of the Maremma, must have held deer and plentiful wild boar, and an occasional wolf pack strayed down in hard winters from the Amiata Mountains or the High Apennines.

It is in such woods of evergreens, naturally taking the aspect of formal gardens, and with some real formal garden like that of Cetinale, gates and statues not too far off, that I imagine the wonderful hunt of the Duke in *Don Quixote,* when the wizard's chariots drawn by black cattle and draped with black and silver like some " Triumph of Death " passed before the Ducal Court with masquers reciting verses among the flash of torches and the baying of hounds, something between a pageant and a real bit of sorcery.

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The Cardinal of Cetinale doubtless played such practical jokes as these (a trifle terrified thereat himself) upon the crazy knights there were sure to be among his hangers-on. And the disquieting remembrance of such taking the name and shape of Death in vain, dressing up actor-servants as skeletons and Souls in Hell, may have mingled with remorse for gallantries or ambition and oppression when His Eminence waxed too old and gouty, or even prone to fits, to lust any more after the World and the Flesh. Then it was, I think, that he turned that hunting box (or place of gallant rendezvous) at the top of his ilex-woods into a place of spiritual retreat, toiling thither every now and then in his litter. And, lest the memories of its former mundane pleasures should perhaps awaken sinful regrets as he watched it from the palace window below, he took the strange precaution of covering its façade with a colossal cross, niches and busts of saints, dominating the neighborhood and reminding himself that he had installed a holy hermit in the commodious rooms and kitchen where, a sprightly prince of the Church, he had been wont to play at pastoral simplicity, dressing and cooking the game he had shot, with stomachered nymphs and high-booted gentlemen building up the fire and larding the roast-meat.

And now real peasants live there, and the ilex-woods of Cetinale are left to charcoal burners, and to such leaf-eared sylvans as we suspect among its rustling foliage on stormy, moonless nights.

Returning from Cetinale I begged my American friend to halt her car at the foot of some other woods nearer Siena, those of the " Hermitage of the Ilex-Woods " (" Romitorio di Lecceto," *leccio* anilex) which I had not seen since coming upon it unexpectedly in 1890. The hermitage is much larger than I expected, in fact a complete monastery, battlemented and towered for defense, among the exquisitely sweet woods of mixed ilex and oaks in young leaf, and scented, at the close of a hot day, with broom and honeysuckle. There is, which I did not remember, a whole cloister-and-porchfull of those toy-box and picture-book frescoes which endear the Sienese School; very faded, but letting you guess that the fortified towns were painted pure rose-color, the seas a delicate pea-green and the people all represented in their teens and dressed, even patriarchs, in the most ravishing finery. An inscription tells us that here St. Catherine received for

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the first time her Divine Bridegroom! Perhaps at that moment the nightingales were vociferous in the ilex-woods, even as we heard them at sunset.

All this was doubtless latent in my thoughts, this wish, now satisfied, for the southwest ilex-woods, during those two days last week at Siena. What was uppermost was the sense, which I have had already years before, especially when looking down into the country from the unfinished cathedral-top, of the perfect appropriateness of a line of Swinburne's: *Siena the bride of Solitudes.*

Had we approached, as we went away, and as in fact I did twenty-five years ago with my pony, not by the Poggibonsi but by the Radda road from Florence, we should have come suddenly on her slender towers and steep-paved lanes, on the great fountain of Porta Ovile, suddenly after some twenty miles of almost uninterrupted woodland travel through the Chianti region. Even the southwesterly side, leading to Cetinale, though cultivated with corn and vineyard, has but few farmhouses and fewer villages, and those mostly on the heights: a pure, empty country beneath the wide dome of this hill-girt rolling table-land; great oaks along its dry torrent beds, and bounded by those ilex-woods and by the thought of the fever-solitudes of the Maremma. While the southernmost roads traverse that wilderness of white clay hillocks, always in view of the great volcano cones of the Amiata range.

For the Sienese territory has been the outpost of mediæval civilization, of the industrious free towns and the well-to-do Tuscany of the later Medicean Grand Dukes and the sons of Maria-Theresa, with what I call in my thoughts the South ("Italy," say many of its inhabitants, "ends at Terni," *i. e.,* forty or fifty miles *north* of Rome); *the South,* that volcanic, half barbarous, majestic and mysterious country of which Sicily is but the lopped off end, and which belongs, in a sense, to the ghosts of Antiquity.

May 22-25, 1914.

AT THE CHALET

We walked, after wading knee deep in flowers, on the short Alpine grass, lawns girt with thin fir-woods or dotted with solitary old larches; walked along one of those natural terraces which represent, no doubt, one of the successive beds of the Rhone now flowing fathoms below. We had to

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jump across adorable little soft brown bogs, full of Parnassus grass and minute reeds, as if the Snow-God had just that moment squeezed them into being with his tread. And in front, over the suddenly ending (or seemingly ending) ledge, rose and fell the intersecting lines of a valley full of silver mist, and there sat or reclined the dim silvery wraiths of the Dent du Midi and the mountains of Savoy; while, up one steep gorge, a storm blotted out everything. Cows, looking as if carved of polished walnut, were strolling with clank of bronze bells and brass-studded collars; and snow white goats chased one another and the cowherd dogs among the tree stumps and the grass-and-flower embedded stones.

Peace and Heaven's blessing!

July 1, 1914.

THE DILIGENCE ON THE SIMPLON

LYING on the grassy slope above the Chalet, my view is fenced in by the yellow and lilac petals of flowers, the Alpine grasses and herbs which outline themselves, unconscious of the great valley between, against the blue and green mountains opposite, their snow-patches and avalanche-scars. And the wind off the glaciers barely stirs this gay, tidy minuteness like a zephyr in Elysium.

All changes when I get onto my feet. For now the valley faces me, narrowing like a theatre perspective, and in it a white thread, with the mountain-lines rushing down to meet its furthest bends, and peaks turning on their side to close it in, the road to the Pass and to Italy disappears at last between the snowy obelisks of the Simplon range.

In the early morning the valley is filled with the luminous mists of the sun peering over the jagged rims and silver-white glaciers, a dust of broken light. In the midday the valley is blotted by sunshine. But always it keeps those intersecting lines drawing one like a funnel, along the shingle bed of the Rhone and the poplars of the flat road on its banks: drawing the eye; and drawing the memory to my childhood, when it also drew me with the power of Italy and Rome beyond. That road passed over the Alps, leading to the remote, the almost inaccessible south as it seemed to my childish longing; itself remote and almost inaccessible.

The railway in those days came to an end at Sierre, and Sierre itself, which the map showed tantalizingly near our Bernese summer home (why the back of this Niesen, of the

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Jungfrau range in front of our windows, must certainly look down on the Rhone Valley!)—Sierre itself could be reached only by a cross-country journey which seemed interminable to one's childish measurement of time. And from Sierre the diligence of the Postes Fédérales, with the long, long day of the pass before it, started at dead of night, its six great horses looming in the steam of their own breath, catching the flicker of the guard's lantern, which outlined the ladder whence boxes and packages were hurled onto the roof of the coach and were gathered into a vast tarpaulin mound. I cannot tell exactly how often I thus started at midnight from the Postes Fédérales of Sierre; where are they, their canary colored coaches and smoking horses and tasseled and badged driver and guard? It certainly feels nowadays as if that perspective-funnel of converging mountain-slopes had sucked most of my childhood and adolescence into itself. Whatever the actual number of these Simplon crossings, I remember that on one of these occasions (perhaps it may have been the last) it was my happy lot to travel in the high hooded seat at the rear of that stacked up tarpaulined luggage. It seems improbable I should have perched there all alone; yet alone I felt and treasured that aloneness there aloft, whether it was real or imaginary; since children, who are so little alone in the body, contrive and cherish all manner of spiritual solitudes and hermitages. That rearmost uppermost seat, of which I cannot recover the beloved technical name—or was it the *Imperiale?*—corresponded I fancy to the legendary "Rumble" on which the maids and couriers of Milords rode *Vetturino* into Italy. That seat must have been bespoke at my urgent childish request, for I had prepared to savor its full adventure and romance by providing myself with a pocket reading-lamp, a little black thing which I lighted in the yard of the Postes Fédérales of Sierre, and with infinite precautions carried up the clambering steps of that dicky; the deliciousness of its heated tin and smoky oil perfumes, like the ineffable smell of stale gas in theatre-corridors, the most romantic recesses of my early memory. And then, as that road along the Rhone engulfed itself endlessly, white straightness, stoneheaps, trunks and shadows of poplars, flashing into the coach's light only to disappear, yard by yard into the darkness and void beneath the diligence and behind it, I clasped the heated lantern in agonized but happy fingers; and in its fumes of guttering candle and

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scorched metal-varnish, I read out of my pocket Goethe (also brought with deep pre-vision of this midnight journey) the ballad of the Treasure-Digger . . . until, no doubt, the light went out, and I fell asleep in warm cloaks and warm (though previously despised) parental arms, awakening at icy cock-crow in front of the tulip-bulbed steeple of Brigue, for *café au lait,* before the long waking dream of walking up the hillsides with their endless parapets. I dropped behind at short cuts, catching up the laboring horses at steep corners, to drink, O bliss! ice-cold water spurting from the rock among ferns and Parnassus-daisies, and tasting rapturously of folded leathern cup. Until, half asleep once more towards nightfall, the rushing stride of the six huge horses carried one down into Italy.

VERNON LEE.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

A DIVINE INFATUATION[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We live in a languid time. There is nothing to do these days but win the War and read new books by Mr. H. G. Wells. Especially books about God. Mr. Wells's infatuation with God is almost unseemly. As far back as *Marriage* he began to take God seriously into account; and most of his subsequent writing has evinced a gradual approach to a state of religious ecstasy. His works have become merely sustained spiritual autobiographies—confessions of mystical rapture so intimate that one feels a little uncomfortable at times in overhearing them. He now writes of God with the conviction and intensity of Saint Teresa. It has been said of that rare soul that "God * * * visited her with intellectual visions and locutions, manifestations in which the exterior senses were in no way affected, the things seen and the words heard being directly impressed upon her mind." Perhaps this has happened to Mr. Wells. We believe that his heart, if it should ever come to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful, would show, like Teresa's, the marks of the Transverberation.

Quite swiftly his conception of God has defined itself to his vision; and if he has not succeeded in projecting it clearly for us, that is not his fault, but ours. In *God the Invisible King* he made a rhapsodic tract out of the essential philosophy of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* Now he has dramatized the tract, and, in *The Soul of a Bishop,* offers us *God the Invisible King* in the shape of a fable addressed to the capacities of those who may have found the earlier expo-

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[1] *The Soul of a Bishop,* by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

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sition too unremittingly theological for comfortable digestion. Certainly he has contrived to attract an interested public for his theistic exhibitions—even that supremely gratifying kind of public, a disputatious one. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Wells's God, it cannot be said that he has failed to draw. There is scarcely anyone, from William Archer and Mr. Chesterton to the Reverend Lyman Abbott, who has not come either to scoff or pray.

Mostly, they have scoffed, with no indication of having been moved by the profound and touching and singularly passionate sincerity of Mr. Wells's confessions of spiritual experience. Mr. Archer has written a book disclosing what he thinks about Mr. Wells's book about what he thinks about God; and Mr. Wells has filled the columns of *The Spectator* with plangent and angry cries impelled from him by what *The Spectator's* book reviewer said about what Mr. Archer said about what Mr. Wells said about God. Mr. Archer accused Mr. Wells of an ambition to rank with St. Paul and Mahomet as the apostle of a new world-religion. If the new God, he observed, "does not seize the opportunity to speak through such a marvelously suitable, such an ideal, mouthpiece, then practical common sense cannot be one of his attributes;" and he wondered "which of the other Gods who have announced themselves from time to time has found such a megaphone to reverberate his voice?" Mr. Wells should have been able to remain serene in the face of such blank-cartridges as those. Far more lethal was Mr. G. K. Chesterton's sorrowful observation that Mr. Wells, in *The Soul of a Bishop,* has rewritten *Robert Elsmere.* Mr. Chesterton, of course, is frankly and joyously Orthodox. Yet it cannot be pleasant for Mr. Wells to be accused of re-incarnating the literary past of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, even by so lovable a bigot as Mr. Chesterton. But worst of all, Mr. Wells has been solemnly approved by pious souls who discern in his new creed the regeneration of one who was once, as *The Spectator* blandly observed, an "atheist." No wonder Mr. Wells was made apoplectic by the indignity of such an embrace. Is there anything more intolerably galling than to be welcomed into the wrong fold? In comparison with that fate, Mr. Chesterton's ascription to Mr. Wells of a "stale simplification of theology which attempts to be Early Christian and is only Early Victorian," must seem to him almost negligible.

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Mr. Chesterton thinks that Mr. Wells has written "the story of a bishop who has accepted everything like milk and who begins to think suddenly, stimulated and startled by an angel and a divine vision." It is odd that Mr. Chesterton should not see, and that Mr. Wells should not have seen with almost equal clarity, that we have here something far more extraordinary: namely, the story of a bishop who was led into the presence of God not by the painful process of spiritual parturition, but by the agency of a draught of dope. It was a drug not in the Pharmacopœia—a distillate that the Bishop's doctor had been trying. Poured from a little phial into a medicine glass, twenty drops, very carefully measured, it seemed to Edward Scrope, Lord Bishop of Princhester, merely a beautiful opalescent liquid, showing pearly eddies as it mixed with the added water; yet it was far more magical than any of those marvellous brews that prove so serviceable in the music-dramas of Richard Wagner, whereby old loves are forgotten on the instant and new adorations generated in the lifting of an eyelid. The romantic machinery of the Wagnerian drama was as soberly credible as a cash register in comparison with the machinery of revelation devised by Mr. Wells: for by the ingestion of this unexampled drug, the Bishop of Princhester was enabled to see God.

And it all happened so simply. Five minutes before, the Bishop had been merely an ecclesiastical neurasthenic, made ill-at-ease in the service of a Church with which he was no longer in tune. He had begun to wonder uneasily why the Church was such a failure; why it had no grip upon men; why it was only a tolerated thing; why, confronted by the prodigious test and opportunity of the War, it was not controlling this great storm, "standing fearlessly between the combatants with the Cross of Christ uplifted and the restored memory of Christendom softening the eyes of the armed nations, and saying, in a voice of silver trumpets, 'Put down those weapons and listen to me'"; whereas, instead, it kept a long way from the fighting, tucked up its vestments, and assumed a broad preoccupied look to conceal its complete ineffectiveness in the world's supreme crisis. Moreover, the Bishop was tired, he was troubled by insomnia, and he had given up alcohol and the big and heavy Egyptian cigarettes charged with opium which, it will disconcert many good American churchmen to know, are apparently popular with

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the British clergy. In short, the Bishop of Princhester was no closer to God than is the average semi-intellectual, semi-"liberal" modern prelate who is uneasily conscious of the spreading chasm between the Christianity of the Churches and the Christianity of Christ. Yet observe how easily even a Bishop may see God! Edward Scrope, Lord Bishop of Princhester, had only to walk into the Athenæum Club, seat himself in an armchair in the library, and wait for Dr. Dale's opalescent dope to conduct him to Divinity. "Something snapped in his brain" (just as it does in the fiction of Mr. Robert W. Chambers and Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. Rex Beach and Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart); the world vanished; and he found himself in "a golden light," barefooted, seated on a slab of starry rock—this he knew quite clearly was the place of God. Beside him sat a figure of great strength and beauty, with a smiling and kindly face, who introduced himself as the Angel of God. With him the Bishop conversed about creeds, about the Trinity, about Creation. Then "a great hand swept, as it seemed, carelessly across the blackness of the farther sky, and smeared it with stars and suns and shining nebulæ as a brush might smear dry paint across a canvas"; and the dust beneath his feet became a dust of atoms, and the Bishop knew that now he was in the presence of God. But he was not dazzled. He knew that he saw "only the likeness and bodying forth of a being inconceivable, of One who is greater than the earth and stars and yet no greater than a man. He saw a being for ever young, for ever beginning, for ever triumphant." His quality and texture was "a warm and living light like the effulgence at sunrise; He was hope and courage like a sunlit morning in Spring. He was adventure for ever, and His courage and adventure flowed into and possessed the being of the man who beheld Him. He bade him surrender himself. He bade him come out upon the Adventure of Life, the great Adventure of the earth that will make the atoms our bond-slaves and subdue the stars, that will build up the white fires of ecstasy to submerge pain for ever, that will overcome death * * * Never had the Bishop had so intense a sense of reality. He knew certainly that God was his King and Master, and that his unworthy service could be acceptable to God * * * " Then it was as if God had passed. A great terror seized the Bishop, and he started in headlong pursuit, losing the buttons of his gaiters,

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almost losing his sash. But God turned back, smiled, reached out his hand—" it was manifest that he had a hand a man might clasp. Unspeakable love and joy irradiated the whole being of the Bishop as he seized God's hand and clasped it desperately with his own. It was as if his nerves and arteries and all his substance were inundated with golden light. It was again as if he merged with God and became God."

One's first reaction to Mr. Wells's account of the visions of the Bishop of Princhester is a sense of dejected perplexity. In what way did Mr. Wells intend us to be moved by these extraordinary pages, with their grotesque blend of Hippodrome levity and rapturous mystical passion, their emotional yieldings and prostrations? This hymnodic insistence upon God as Captain, King, Master; these images of the suffusing golden light, of the enveloping torrents of love and joy; the ineffable incident of the smile and handclasp for the stumbling bishop bereft of gaiter-buttons and Episcopal sash; the detail of the Angel of God playfully ruffling the Bishop's hair and mocking the limited capacity of his "little box of brains"; the mingled sentimentalism and bathos of the whole picture: these things must impede the sturdiest friends of Mr. Wells's unique contribution to the intellectual baggage of our contemporary civilization. Mr. Wells dissolved in floods of mystical ecstasy; Mr. Wells discoursing in the jargon of the Salvation Army; Mr. Wells slaying with ferocious triumph a God who has been dead for half a century (the God of Old Testament *Schrecklichkeit*), and enthroning in his place a new and supposedly revolutionizing Deity who would feel perfectly at home in any one of a thousand Episcopal pulpits: this is a spectacle which must seem a little insane even in these mad hours of a reeling earth.

Almost any producer of best-sellers could have told Mr. Wells that the way to destroy the force and effectiveness of the Bishop's story was to energize its spiritual movement by this trivial and clumsy device of a hashish dream. No doubt the hallucinations of a drug-user can exhibit staggering mixtures of the trivial and the sublime; perhaps one might procure chummy familiarities from the Angel of God and smiles and hand-clasps from the Deity as easily as the Bishop of Princhester procured them. We may be sure that Mr. Wells authenticated his material—that he was careful to investigate the behavior of the mind in such supermundane joy-rides

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before he used them as "copy." That is not the point. We are not challenging the realism of the dope scenes in *The Soul of a Bishop:* we are lamenting the crass artistic tactlessness which made them an essential part of the machinery of a spiritual drama. It is useless for Mr. Wells to make the Bishop say at the close of the First Vision that "the stuff had little to do with it. It just cleared my head * * * I have seen." For that is tantamount to confessing that the Bishop's perception of spiritual sublimities resulted merely from the administration of a kind of glorified bromo-seltzer. There are other and more valid ways of seeing God than that forced upon the Bishop, and Mr. Wells has shown that he is aware of them; yet even the Bishop's later experience of the Divine presence, achieved without the help of "the stuff," do not atone for the artistic indecency of the earlier and drug-inspired visions.

We wish that Mr. Wells had not made the Bishop's perception of God depend in any measure upon the magic binoculars of a dope-dream. We might then have been persuaded to regard with more sympathy Mr. Wells's conception of the true God, even though the Being who is called "God" in this new theology seems to us acceptable only as a rather naïve personification of the divine forces implicit in the human soul. The stirring of leaves makes us call the wind a visible thing; and, with sublime generosity, we call "God" that which is not so much God as ourselves. Yet the stirring of leaves is not the wind, and the shaken boughs of the spirit blown upon by the divine breath are not God. So, though one would willingly see eye to eye with Mr. Wells if what he exhibited to us were simply a projection of the immortal powers manifest in the soul, it is another matter altogether when he asks us to accept the objective reality of a God who is neither the Cosmic Cause,—the Veiled Being at the back of the heavens whom Mr. Wells dismisses so negligently from consideration,—nor we ourselves; but an intrusive third party, a knowable actuality, "a single person" and "a single spirit," "a great brother and leader of our little beings," who is carefully distinguished by his creator from any identity with Christ—even the Christ of Mr. George Moore.

Yet this fable that has so clearly sprung from a deep source of inward experience and illumination, that is steeped in an unimpeachable sincerity, that has at times poetry and

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eloquence and exaltation, might have been made a genuinely moving and revelatory history of spiritual adventure, if only Mr. Wells had had more of the faith and patience of the artist and less of the headlong passion of the enraptured apostle. He should have been willing to brood a little longer upon the projection of his own vision: willing to give his genius an opportunity to disclipine its functioning. And Mr. Wells should make it a rule not to write more than four books a year. It is unreasonable to turn out books as if they were biscuits or griddle-cakes and expect the result to attain any greater permanence than that which rewards the industry of even the most inspired of chefs.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE JOURNAL OF LEO TOLSTOI, 1895-1899. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

To one who struggles incessantly with doubts and inner differences and against misunderstandings in the minds of others, sincerity may at last come to seem almost as valuable as truth itself. That such was the case with Tolstoi, appears to be indicated by the stress which he is said to have laid upon the disposal of his journal after his death. The first volume of this journal to be published abounds in expressions of sincere self-criticism. "Unclear"; "Nonsense"; "This seemed much clearer to me when I first thought it out"—comments such as these Tolstoi would not infrequently append to his entries, and all too often the stricture is just. There is, moreover, a certain self-abasement, or conscious humility, in writing down one's inmost thoughts in the rough, without attempting to make them more persuasive or clearer than they are in themselves. And it almost seems that, in Tolstoi's mind, this deliberate exposure of unclearness or perplexity, this refusal to make what was obscure into something grandiose, this rejection of sophistry and self-deception, added a certain value to the thought he was attempting to clarify. Otherwise, it is not quite easy to understand why he was so much concerned about discourses that are in many cases tentative and unsure.

Tolstoi's strength lay in his strong consciousness of moral intuition; he was not a trained metaphysician, scarcely a good logician. Moral intuition is the urge toward right conduct and happiness; it is the stimulus to truthful thinking; it is the tendency toward health. In another form, we may perhaps recognize it as the perfection of physical law in the realm of what we call unconscious matter. Moral intuition, therefore, may be properly thought of as "the invariant in human progress"; and all right thinking is in one way or another directed by it. But to think morally, is quite another employment of the mind than to make moral intuition itself the object of thought; and this latter is often the mark both of genius and of a kind of chronic moral invalidism. Tolstoi employed his mind in both ways, with the result that ethically his thought is sometimes as stimulating as a breeze blowing from a snow-capped mountain top, while philosophically it is often as depressing as the atmosphere of a sick-room.

"The meaning of life becomes clear to man when he recognizes, as himself, his divine essence which is enclosed in his bodily envelope. The meaning of this lies in the fact that this being, striving for its

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emancipation, for the broadening of the realm of love, accomplishes through this broadening the work of God, which consists in the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth." This is clear enough to live by and to think by; it expresses the irresistible feeling and faith of those who live according to the spirit. It is doubtful that any amount of taking thought could make the message clearer, could give greater substance and convincing power to it than it has already obtained through the Old Testament moralities and the New Testament gospel. Yet Tolstoi was always taking thought. Again and again, he expresses essentially the same idea—sometimes in equivalent terms, sometimes poorly and confusedly—never with any real advance. He was never for more than an hour fully satisfied.

And this continual unrest is not surprising since what he craved was nothing less than "a moral justification of living." A genius, he could be content to go on living only on condition that he might in effect grasp the scheme of things entire;—that failing, extinction seemed desirable. This impatience—a trait so characteristic of emotional genius in art or life—explains what seems to be the principal defect in Tolstoi's thinking, an imperfect grasp of the evolutionary principle. For evolution is, in a sense, but another name for patience: it is the patience of God.

Men who have daily before their eyes the incredible miracle of motion—a miracle that yields to no intellectual analysis—balk at the equal miracle of moral progress. Man must know the whole law and do it, or he must be ignorant of the law and hence irresponsible —sink in the seeming dilemma. If evolution is the law, then we can only submit to it as fatal and immutable. If it is not the law, then we must either remain lawless or discover in religion a law that can be fulfilled all at once. All of which is perhaps no more logical than if a bit of matter should say that its choice lay between being in one of a number of places, since such a thing as motion between two points is inconceivable. And so geniuses like Tolstoi and Newman crave a fuller knowledge of the ways of God than is humanly possible, and other men—and nations—drift, either ignoring responsibility or concentrating it in an immoral and irresponsible State.

As a philosopher, Tolstoi in this journal proves to be an idealist, a disciple of Africanus Spier. Idealism may well be a cheerful faith to live by—but then so is almost any belief that recognizes man as something more than an automaton. No one would seriously maintain that the doctrine of Africanus Spier is necessary for the salvation of the world. And much of the Journal is either philosophical or merely introspective. Seldom does Tolstoi in this record lead us up to the heights of ethical vision; more often he conducts us through the dark chambers of his own mind.

Yet in this very fact lies the value of the Journal. Few of the sayings it contains are valuable as isolated truths, and the whole is scarcely more enlightening than discouraging to those who are in search of light and leading; yet the collection of Tolstoi's day-to-day thoughts, sometimes futile, sometimes extreme, sometimes confused, occasionally penetrating, forms a vitally interesting document for the study of religious experience.

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FAITH, WAR, AND POLICY. By Gilbert Murray. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

The war compels an attempt at clear, honest, ethical thinking in those who are in any way touched by it, and since the struggle began men have willingly read a greater number of ethical discourses than ever before. These have been for the most part lay-sermons couched in vigorous, straightforward language and taking the point of view of the student of politics, the lawyer, or the plain thoughtful citizen.

One of the best collections of such discourses is the book *Faith, War, and Policy,* by Gilbert Murray, the distinguished English classical scholar and the translator of Euripides. The interest and value of these papers is all the greater because Mr. Murray is, in the sane sense of the word, a pacifist—a hater of war, a lover of humanity, who, while feeling deeply and thinking hopefully, cannot be classed either with the unthinking optimists or with the merely instinctive patriots.

But though Mr. Murray is not a blind follower of instinct or of hope, he is emphatically a follower of moral intuition, and it is this distinction between the lower and the higher instinct—a distinction that seems to control all his thought—which makes his exposition so subtly clear, so exactly moral, so true to the spirit of the Greek maxim, "Nothing in excess."

How can war ever be right? Even for the most tender conscience, Mr. Murray shows, this question can have but one answer. Whatever the Tolstoians say, the conscience and reason of the common man affirms that the nation's dishonor involves the dishonor of the individual. And dishonor, in the real sense, is a poison to the soul. Honor, the observance of duty, the forgetfulness of self, is, on the other hand, no mere bubble but a reality. This intuition, felt to be irresistibly binding in everyday life, maintains itself in the face of death. And the mark of its validity is the happiness that accompanies its exercise. "Human nature is a mysterious thing, and man finds his weal and woe not in the obvious places. To have something before you, clearly seen, which you know you must do, and can do, and will spend your utmost strength and perhaps your life in doing, that is one form at least of very high happiness, and one that appeals—the facts prove it—not only to saints and heroes, but to the average man. Doubtless the few who are wise enough and have enough imagination may find opportunity for that same happiness in everyday life, but in war ordinary men find it. This is the inward triumph that lies at the heart of the great tragedy."

Thus, the war has actually done good; for to say nothing of that heartening event, the liberation of Russia, and of the prospective triumph of Democracy throughout the world, it is clear that the belligerent nations—Mr. Murray, of course, is thinking chiefly of England—have been welded into communities of self-sacrifice.

There is all the difference in the world, however, between communities united by the spirit of self-sacrifice for a noble end and communities that are held together simply by the cohesion of instinct. It is dangerous to put the community, any community, in the place of God. By his skillful analysis of what he aptly terms the "herd-instinct," Mr. Murray isolates that element of patriotism which is purely ir-

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rational and which tends to kill the reason and the higher emotions. Jingoism, imperialism as a creed of national superiority, militarism—these ways of thought have all found expression in England as in America, but they no longer have the sanction of influential opinion.

Other and more specific subjects are discussed by Mr. Murray from the same point of view, and with the same moderation and acuteness. There is a chapter upon the English policy toward Ireland. There are two chapters upon America's relation to the war, chapters that emphasize and clarify our country's mission. Particularly interesting also to American readers should be Mr. Murray's analysis of the Democratic Control of Foreign Relations.

Although many of the papers contained in this volume were written so early in the war as to have lost the appeal of timeliness, there is in the views expressed a permanent rightness that gives the book lasting importance.

A Son of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

There are biographies which are said to be more fascinating than any novel, but in the majority of these it will be found that the superiority of interest is in inverse proportion to the degree in which the life-story approaches the novel in form. And so we often turn with relief from the brightly colored pictures of fiction to the matter-of-fact relation of interesting events that actually happened.

Hamlin Garland, however, is one of those novelists who have managed in an uncommon degree to join sober matter-of-factness with imaginative charm. It should not surprise one, then, to find that the autobiographical chapters which Mr. Garland has entitled *A Son of the Middle Border* are not only rewarding as reminiscence, but also rich in the imaginative and emotional values of the author's best fiction. Here one may perceive all the novelist's trained skill in the portraiture of character, and that larger vision which sees a human being dramatically in his true setting. Here, too, is to be found an abundance of that vivid and affectionately truthful description which in Mr. Garland's other writings has helped to preserve for us the life of the Middle Western frontier. One hardly knows at first whether one is reading a novel or a biography, so skilfully is the tale woven; yet the narrative is drawn out as straight as a string; in its composition there is neither artificiality nor undue reserve.

The fullness and richness of the style arises from no luxuriance of self-expression. For though the author frankly writes of himself, he loses himself in a larger theme.

Hamlin Garland's father was a man with the soul of a pioneer. A soldier in the Civil War, stern and authoritative, hard-working and efficient, a lover of home and family, he was led on, like many men of less stable character, by the lure of distant horizons. The story of his life and that of his family is a tale of successive migrations leading from Wisconsin through Minnesota and at last into Dakota, a tale of the longings and hardships and consolations of pioneers, of the conflict of dreams with reality.

As a boy Hamlin Garland did a man's work on the farm. As

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a youth he went East with his brother, earning his way and absorbing knowledge of men and nature. As a young man he gradually established himself first as a teacher and then as a writer, feeling strong purposes take hold of him as he matured. As a man in the prime of life he was able to establish his aging parents in a position of comfort and happiness. In outline the story is as simple as possible, yet it is a wonderful story.

Out of it all there emerges a conception of life as a spectacle interesting in the large because of its picturesque and dramatic features, and at the same time as a business to be discharged soberly and earnestly. There emerges, too, a conception of vigorous and honest living and an ideal of literary expression as something vitally connected with real life and with genuine conviction. There is something unfeignedly optimistic in the tone of the whole narrative, despite its grimness in some particulars; a joy in homely and familiar things and a confidence in the right tendencies that ultimately control the world. Nothing could be more American than the mingling of practicality and idealism that is felt everywhere in the story. Nothing could be more wholesome in these times than the lesson of intellectual honesty and large sympathy which is implicit in it.

HIS OWN COUNTRY. By Paul Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1917.

No theme is too difficult for the right author, and no doubt it is possible to make the Southern negro-problem the theme of a story as penetrating as dramatic, and by very much more tragic than sensational. This, however, Mr. Kester has not done. With very considerable talent, and with more than average knowledge of his subject-matter, he has written a strange and wonderful melodrama, at times verging on power, at times so crude as to be scarcely tolerable.

The central figure of *His Own Country* is a former slave, who as a physician in Montreal has accumulated a considerable fortune and gained a creditable reputation. Dr. Brent, after all, is only half-negro, and on the Caucasian side claims descent from one of the best families of Virginia. Married to a white wife, with sons and daughters educated abroad, himself associating upon equal terms with the white people of his adopted city, he feels justly confident of deserving respect. It is his dream to return as proprietor to the plantation where he had been a slave, and, as the result of a blindness to obvious facts which no amount of explanation serves to make quite plausible in a man of Brent's supposed intelligence, he looks forward to being received if not with open arms at least tolerantly by the old families of "Northmoreland County." The opportunity arises; the plan is carried through; the landed proprietors of Northmoreland, having organized themselves into a reception committee to greet the new owner of Comorn Hall as he disembarks from the steamer, discover that the newcomer is a negro.

Plainly, Dr. Brent had made a tragic mistake. With all possible ingenuity, Mr. Kester heaps the tragic consequences high upon the unfortunate Doctor and upon nearly all of those who are associated

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with him. It is proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the position of a negro in such circumstances is difficult, that race prejudices are not easily overcome, that a rash and obstinate man may involve even well-meaning people in a ghastly situation. There is material enough here, surely, for a novel "big" enough to satisfy any one. But for good measure, Mr. Kester has woven into the plot the story of a high-minded young white man, John Brent of Brentwood, who has to endure the vilest slander. It is whispered that he is the son of a negro —indeed, that Dr. Brent himself is his father,—and John's mother, being insane, cannot confute the lie. The young man's purity of blood has to be vindicated in the end, of course, and the author's resourcefulness is quite equal to the task.

There are moments in the story when Dr. Brent almost becomes convincing as a human being and impressive as a victim of fate; there are times when his rôle as a half-benevolent, half-vindictive agitator on behalf of the rights of his race seems real and significant. The man has qualities—when he is himself and not a mere creature of the plot. Sometimes, too, Mr. Kester's delineation of traits is really engaging—though most of his characters are far too garrulous. The humor of the poor whites who figure in the tale is now and then natural and amusing, despite a certain sameness, and despite the dismal background of their lives that makes humor at their expense almost questionable, unmingled as it is with more than a very easy-going sympathy.

But on the whole, all the good qualities of the tale are subordinated to the requirements of a highly melodramatic plot. One example of the author's method will perhaps suffice. There is among the minor characters a negress who has frequent attacks of coma or trance. She is terribly afraid that during one of these fits she may be buried alive. Just what relation this has to the story is not at first evident. But the woman's usefulness appears when she at last dies and the negroes of her household hide some stolen money in her coffin. Later the body is exhumed that the money may be recovered. If one is extremely indulgent, one may admit that the loss and recovery of the money is managed in a proper manner; but it is difficult to invent any theory that will excuse the author for having made the body move in the grave. This touch of superfluous horror is crudely shocking, and nothing more.

THE REBIRTH OF RUSSIA. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Company, 1917.

It is frankly as a journalistic work that Mr. Marcosson offers his book to the public. This it is, and more than this it could hardly be. Mr. Marcosson gives his readers a spirited and trustworthy account of the happenings of the crowded days of the Revolution in Russia—an account somewhat summary in treatment, somewhat rhetorical in style, but informing and filled with significant or striking incidents.

Occasionally the author throws out interesting suggestions as to the conditions that determined the surprisingly sane and patriotic temper of the revolutionists. One such condition was the war. Soon after the Cossacks had gone over to the popular side in Petrograd, there was

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an orgy of speech-making. One curbstone orator addressing a crowd in the Nevsky said: "We must get rid of the Stürmers and the Golitisins and the Protopopoffs. The people need bread; they cannot work without it." He was interrupted by cries of "Down with the War!" whereupon he replied: "No, the war must go on. Remember the blood of our brothers and sons must not be spilt for nothing. The thing to do is to get rid of the Government." In these words, thinks Mr. Marcosson, the speaker revealed one of the principal reasons why the revolution succeeded. "A costly human sacrifice had been laid upon the altar of war, and the people were determined that this sacrifice should not be in vain." Another condition was the absence of vodka. "Indeed, it is quite evident that when the Czar signed the decree for the prohibition of liquor at the beginning of the war, he likewise signed the death-warrant of the Romanoffs."

Certain crucial moments are described briefly indeed, but with a certain dramatic effectiveness,—the abdication of the Czar, the voluntary surrender of the hated and once powerful Protopopoff to an armed civilian, Kerensky throwing himself between the arch-traitor Soukhomlinoff and the enraged crowd in the Duma; the same Kerensky leaping upon a table and by a fervent speech swaying the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates to the side of the provisional Government. Picturesque details, too, are by no means lacking,—as for example the story of a Boy Scout not above ten years of age who with a large Browning pistol in his hand authoritatively led a squad from one of the Guard's regiments to the capture of two policemen.

The general state of the public mind after the successful consummation of the revolution, and the troublous days that followed—days during which the demands of labor became crazily exorbitant, discipline was relaxed in the army, and it was nip and tuck between order and anarchy—are described in a manner sufficiently clear and impressive.

There follows a chapter containing sketches of the revolution-makers, the men who are for the most part the leaders of Russia today —Prince George Lvoff, Gutchkoff, Milyukoff, Rodzianko, Konovaloff, and others—all rather intimately written. From these accounts one receives a strong and very reassuring impression of character, statesmanship, and a business efficiency quite of the American type. Most interesting of all, perhaps, and most fully amplified is the character-portrait of Alexander Kerensky.

There are deficiencies in the book: for example, every one would like to know more about the origin and constitution of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. But considering the brief time that has elapsed since the Revolution, the book is on the whole surprisingly adequate in extent of information and in analysis of facts.

A World in Ferment. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

There is real eloquence in Dr. Butler's addresses to his countrymen upon the larger aspects of the war, an eloquence that is not merely powerful exhortation, but inspiration. Without any shrinking from

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grim facts and without any flamboyance of emotional or self-laudatory patriotism, the author makes one see a better future for the world as something real and tangible and within reasonable expectation, and he sets forth the part that this country is to play in helping on the coming of a new and better order, with a clearness and sanity that makes national duty seem near and feasible and attractive.

Among the themes with which Dr. Butler deals are: the precise lessons that America out of her experience may teach to war-chastened Europe; just what it may mean to this country to be a "world-Power" under the new order of things; just how an intense, home-loving and justice-loving patriotism may be conjoined with a broad and unselfish internationalism. Dr. Butler points out that this country has done many things disinterestedly and well, and that she may therefore urge, with propriety, certain moral principles upon the world; he shows, however, that our nation is still in process of building, and that the true problem is that of "the integration of America about those great fundamental principles which the very name America brings to our minds and which the flag stirs to expression on every lip." He gives full and convincing expression to the vitally important thought that "the higher preparedness" requires Americans to learn to think internationally.

Books of this sort commonly deal with generalities, with what to the unthinking may seem truisms. It is undeniable that Dr. Butler's book outlines no definite programme, but does emphasize the right truths in the right way and at the right time, and there is hardly another book about the war through which Americans may see so inspiring a vision of the future.

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

VII

(*September* 17—*October* 17)

At three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, October 6, the first session of the Sixty-fifth Congress adjourned without day. It was just six months, to a day, from that April afternoon when President Wilson attached his signature in approval to Public Resolution No. 1, the first act of this Congress, which declared war against the Imperial German Government. No other session of the American Congress ever transacted so much business, or business of so great importance to the nation and the world, as this. In those six months more provision for military preparedness, and for the mobilization and effective use of the military resources of the country, was made than in all the previous history of the nation, whether the standard of comparison be the character of the legislation enacted or the amount of money appropriated and of expenditure authorized.

This session, for the first time in the military history of the United States, applied the principle of universal military service at the opening of a war, and enacted the so-called " selective draft " law under which the first units of the new National Army are now organizing and receiving their first training.

It established beyond question the paramountcy of the nation in the dual system by extensive exercise of the power to control or take over enterprise and industry, including land and water transportation; fix prices, even of agricultural production; direct operations; assign priority of production and transportation, and otherwise generally perform the normal functions of owner and master.

It provided for financing these new operations of government on a scale and with a liberality previously unheard of, assuming freely the enormous burden of furnishing the chief financial support to our Allies while at the same time preparing and maintaining, on our own part, fighting forces, land and naval, of colossal proportions.

It provided for the equipment of these land and naval forces with all fighting material of the most effective design and in unlimited quantities, including an air fleet calculated by itself to outnumber the combined establishments of our enemies, as well as new naval construction that will make the United States Navy " incomparably the strongest afloat " to use the language of the Secretary of the Navy.

It took a long step toward the practical solution of the much debated question of the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine by authorizing the expenditure of nearly two billion dollars for the construction, charter or requisitioning of vessels by the United States for the merchant service.

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Much public criticism attended the labors of the session, evoked chiefly by delayed action on measures strong in popular support as necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. Yet these delays were almost all caused by a small group of men in the Senate, whose activities in opposition to the war finally culminated in a wide-spread and growing demand for their expulsion from the Senate or other punishment, as teachers of sedition and disloyalty.

President Wilson, who had made clear, long ago, his own opinion of the obstructive tactics of this group, sent a final message to Congress strongly praising the work it had done, and expressing the view that it had been done thoroughly and " with the utmost dispatch possible in the circumstances or consistent with a full consideration of the exceedingly critical matters dealt with."

War measures that occupied the attention of Congress during the last month included the second Urgent Deficiency appropriation, carrying approximately eight billions for war purposes of one kind or another; the War Revenue bill, designed to raise about two and a half billions a year by taxation; the Enemy Trading Act; an act providing for insurance and compensation for injury or other disability, for soldiers and others in the military service, and a number of acts of lesser importance. This latter category includes an act placing control of the sale, distribution and storage of explosives under the Bureau of Mines; an act permitting National banks to issue notes of $1 and $2 denominations; an act giving the Shipping Board power to suspend the navigation laws and permit foreign vessels to enter the coastwise trade, except to Alaska, during the war, and an act covering the repatriation of Americans who have joined foreign armies to fight against Germany. There was also an act restoring the grade of general in the army, last held by General Sheridan. Under its authority the President has already promoted General Pershing, in command of the American forces in France, and General Bliss, the new Chief of Staff.

This session made what members of the Administration and all other Americans hope will be a record for all time in the expenditure of money. The total of its appropriations—almost wholly for war—for this fiscal year was $16,901,986,814. Besides this it authorized contract obligations calling for $2,511,553,925 more. The regular session of the last Congress, last winter, had provided appropriations for this fiscal year, before we entered the war, aggregating $1,977,210,200, which included $517,000,000 for the navy and $273,000,000 for the army. Thus the total of appropriations and contract authorizations for the fiscal year 1918, by the two sessions of Congress, is $21,390,730,940, to which the minutely accurate statisticians of the Treasury and Congress add the important detail of 46 cents.

This inconceivable sum includes $7,000,000,000 for loans to our Allies. The first deficiency bill of the session carried authorization for three billions for our Allies, and that limit has nearly been reached. The loan authorization in the second bill was four billions. Loans are made to the Allies at a rate averaging pretty close to twenty million dollars a day. Exclusive of these loans our total of appropriations and contract authorizations for this fiscal year is $14,390,730,940, which ought to be somewhere in the neighborhood of our total war

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bill for the first year. But there are still eight and a half months of the fiscal year to run, and during seven of them Congress will be in session again, ready to respond, as it has done heretofore, to every call for war money from any department of the Government.

Congress did not spend much time over appropriations, but it gave months to consideration of the revenue bill, and in the end put forth a measure that has aroused wide-spread and bitter criticism because of some of the provisions of the war profits and income tax sections, and of the special favor shown to Congressmen themselves. The tax bill passed the House on May 23, but did not come to a vote in the Senate until September 10. The conferrees wrangled over its provisions for nearly three weeks, and rewrote several sections entirely. The tax on incomes and on excess profits furnished the chief points of controversy, as had been the case in the Senate. Also the postage rates on second class mail matter, including magazines and newspapers, caused great argument. It was not until October 2, that the Senate agreed to the conference report, and the next day the President signed the bill. Then it was discovered that the conferrees had written in a special excess profits tax of 8 per cent on the salaries or incomes of professional and salaried men in excess of $6,000, but had been careful to provide that it should not apply to members of Congress. Some Congressmen have attempted to justify it on the ground that it is a sort of war excess profits tax and that such taxes should apply to professional and salaried men and to farmers as well as to manufacturers and business men.

The Enemy Trading Act which passed the House on July 11, and the Senate on September 12, came from conference on September 21, was agreed to quickly by both houses and was signed by the President on October 6. This law forbids the trading with or transportation of an enemy or ally of an enemy, or the transmission of communications to or for such person. Certain permissions may be made under license. Section eleven confers upon the President the same power over imports into the country that title 7 of the Espionage act gives him over exports. This act also forbids the publication of war comment in foreign language newspapers except under conditions tantamount to license by the Postmaster-General. It is probably the most drastic legislation enacted in the United States since the Embargo Act under President Jefferson. Under it the Government is empowered to assume a minutely detailed control of American trade, especially overseas.

On October 4, the House passed a bill to protect persons in the military service in their civil rights while away from home on duty. It contains a section forbidding the eviction of the family of a soldier for non-payment of rent during the war, where the monthly rental is less than $50. This bill was not acted upon by the Senate, but will come up at the next session.

Just before Congress adjourned there was passed a resolution providing for a test by a board of five scientists of an invention by a Boston Armenian. It is a device for developing energy, for which the inventor makes marvelous claims, such as, for instance, that it will drive a ship across the Atlantic without fuel; that it will propel aeroplanes and do other similar work. If the five scientists certify that it

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will do what is claimed for it, Congress will buy it for the Government. Its sponsors declare that it will end the war alone—if it works.

President Wilson's reply to the peace proposals of the Pope was the outstanding feature of the sixth month of America's participation in the war. Mr. Wilson rejected Pope Benedict's offer because, he said, "we cannot trust the German Government." The Germans accept the Pope's proposition because "with deep rooted conviction we agree to the leading idea of Your Holiness that the future arrangement of the world must be based upon the elimination of armed forces, and on the rule of international justice and legality. We, too, are strongly imbued with the hope that a strengthening of the sense of right would morally regenerate humanity." A statement like that from the German Government at a time like this illumines, as would the beam of a giant searchlight, the President's declaration that we cannot trust what Germans say.

Mr. Wilson gave renewed assurance of his determination to fight the war through to complete victory on October 8, when he received at the White House a delegation from the newly organized League for National Unity, and told them that the war should end only when Germany is beaten, and the rule of autocracy and might is superseded by the ideals of democracy.

About the middle of September the fact was permitted to become known that the President had selected his friend and personal adviser, Colonel House, to organize and supervise the collection of material which will be needed for the effective equipment of the peace commissioners of the United States, when the time comes for their appointment. Other belligerents have been busy for months gathering the economic and other data which their commissioners will need when they come to meet at the conference table, and it is important that the American commissioners shall have the fullest information available, not only upon the points to be covered by their own instructions, but also upon any points that may be brought up by other commissioners, allied or enemy.

Progress in organization and equipment of the fighting forces for actual participation on the battle fronts reached the point in this seventh month of our war where it began to be more easily realizable generally that we are really about to contribute in substantial fashion to the military overthrow of Germany. More and more men called under the selective draft were assembled in their training camps. Cantonments and camps for the National Guard units were brought nearer to completion. The reorganization of the Guard regiments upon the new army plan was begun. Equipment of all kinds for the men was ready in increasing supplies. On October 10, more than 461,000 men were in the various camps for training, and over 13,000,000 articles of equipment of one kind and another had been provided.

The Navy, which by its patrol and convoy work has been doing effective active service from the start of our war, has been increasing its participation abroad, while at home it has been increasing its capacity to participate. On October 9, Mr. Daniels announced that contracts had been let to five concerns for destroyers to cost $350,000,000, all to be of the largest, newest and most efficient type. At the

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same time the Secretary announced that the Navy is building 787 vessels of all classes and types, from superdreadnaughts to submarine chasers. The total cost of the building programme is $1,150,400,000. Admiral Mayo returned from his conferences with allied naval men abroad, but no announcement was made as to what he had accomplished.

A report from the Shipping Board on September 26, showed that the Emergency Fleet Corporation then had under contract 353 wooden vessels, of a total deadweight tonnage of 1,253,900; 58 composite ships aggregating 207,000 tons, and 225 steel ships aggregating 1,663,800 tons. It had requisitioned ships then building for private owners in different American yards numbering 403 and aggregating more than 2,800,000 tons. This was a total of 1,039 vessels aggregating 5,924,700 deadweight tons.

In addition there were 458 American ships then in service, with aggregate tonnage of 2,871,359 and 117 German and Austrian vessels, seized or obtained under charter or by purchase, aggregating 700,285 tons. When the building programme thus reported is completed the American fleet would have 1,614 vessels of tonnage aggregating 9,496,344, less submarine and other losses meantime. The appropriation bill then pending, however, contained authorization for a further construction programme of about 5,000,000 deadweight tons, so that the United States has a merchant fleet of upwards of fourteen million tons in sight. When the war began in 1914, our ocean going merchant tonnage was 1,614,000. The Shipping Board estimate of available British tonnage at the end of September was 14,500,000. British announcement of submarine losses for the second week in October was the smallest since the ruthless campaign opened on February 1. It was accompanied by the extremely significant announcement that British new construction for the week exceeded the losses. Taken together, these facts show that the time is very close at hand, if not already here, when the definite defeat of the submarine can be announced.

On October 15, the Shipping Board requisitioned all American vessels in service, directing that they be continued in service by their owners or charterers for Government account, and at rates fixed or to be fixed by the Government, with an allowance of 10 per cent commission for owners' services. Freight rates were sharply cut by this move, and it was expected that relief would be afforded to the South American trade which had suffered greatly from excessively high freights from American ports.

Governmental price fixing for the month had to do chiefly with coal and steel. Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, issued several reassuring announcements that there was no cause for or prospect of a fuel famine. Nevertheless, loud and frequent complaints came from coal producers and consumers both, one that prices fixed were below cost of production, and the other that despite the figures of larger production than in 1916 coal was not to be had in the localities of the complainants. On September 30, Dr. Garfield issued new orders increasing prices in certain bituminous districts, and reducing some anthracite prices. He also fixed the retailer's margin at that of 1915 plus 30 per cent for increased costs, or at that of July, 1917. No generally perceptible effect on retail prices followed.

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Steel committees spent a good deal of time in Washington in consultation with the War Industries Board, and on October 10, a new range of price agreements was announced with the approval of the President. It is anticipated that oil prices will come next.

The Exports Administrative Board did a good deal during the month to smooth out causes of friction in the exports control, many of which were of minor importance and due to misunderstanding of regulations. On October 2, the Board announced a long list of articles and countries on which no license would be required. It was made increasingly evident that the chief purpose of the exports control is to prevent supplies of any kind reaching the enemy from this country or from any other if it can be helped. Great Britain is co-operating in this plan, and on October 2, the British Government laid an embargo on all shipments for Norway, Sweden, Holland and Denmark, except printed matter and personal effects accompanied by their owners. Two days later the Exports Administrative Board stopped the furnishing of bunker coal to neutral ships bound to neutral ports bordering on Germany. If Northern Europe wants to trade with South American neutrals for supplies for Germany it must find bunkers elsewhere than in the United States.

On October 14 an executive order by the President was made public reorganizing the Exports Administrative Board as the War Trade Board, and charging it with the duty generally of administering the Enemy Trading Act and the new control of imports. This order also delegated certain other war powers of the President to different departments.

The month's activities included a number of interesting revelations by the State Department and other sources concerning German intrigue, spy work, subornation of treason, instigation of sabotage and such things. On September 21, Secretary Lansing made public a telegram sent by Ambassador Bernstorff to the Berlin Government on January 22, just before our break with Germany, asking authority to pay out "up to $50,000" in order "as on former occasions to influence Congress through the organization you know of, which can perhaps prevent war." Mr. Lansing's information proves that when von Bernstorff sent that message he knew, by receipt of the Zimmermann instruction about Mexico and Japan, that Germany intended to renew the U-boat campaign.

On October 3, Mr. Lewis, the Attorney General of New York State, announced some of the results of an investigation which he had made, at the request of the French Government, into the activities in New York last year of Bolo Pasha, of Paris, now under arrest there as a traitor and German agent. Mr. Lewis showed that Bernstorff had cabled his government for $1,700,000, which Berlin furnished, and which the ambassador paid to Bolo as a corruption fund with which Bolo was to procure French newspaper support for Germany, especially in the Paris *Journal*. Several code messages passed, apparently through the good offices of some friendly diplomatist. In these messages the sums actually desired were divided by one thousand for code purposes.

Coupled with these disclosures of German intrigue there has been a steady rounding up of enemy aliens and sedition spreaders, which has aroused wide-spread interest and indignation throughout the country.

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Several hundred enemy aliens were arrested in one raid in and about New York City, and fifty or more additional I. W. W. agitators were gathered in.

As the review month closed, a special outburst of indignation was manifesting itself against Senator La Follette and some of his colleagues who were held responsible for undue delay and obstruction of necessary war legislation in Congress. On September 20, Senator La Follette delivered a speech at St. Paul, Minn., in which he inferentially defended the sinking of the *Lusitania,* opposed the war and said things which led to his being accused before the Senate by the Minnesota Public Safety Commission as a "teacher of sedition." The Minnesota Commission petitioned the Senate to expel him. Other similar petitions for action against La Follette, Stone, Gronna, Hardwick, and Reed, the chief obstructionists, poured in, until the Committee on Privileges and Elections took formal notice of the La Follette and Stone cases. It acquitted Stone, pointing out that although he opposed the declaration of war he has kept still ever since and voted for all the Administration war measures. But it is investigating the St. Paul speech and will report on that at the next session.

The incidents show that the business of spreading sedition in the United States is becoming unpopular. Under the Enemy Trading Act the Postmaster-General announces that he will not permit foreign language newspapers to wage campaigns against conscription, or enlistments, the sale of bonds or collection of revenue, or anything tending to hamper the Government in its war work or improperly to attack our Allies.

Strikes and labor troubles marked the entire month, the chief demands coming from shipyard workers, coal miners and railroad men. Strenuous efforts by government mediators, and direct personal appeals by the President himself, were not sufficient to prevent considerable curtailment of production. The month closed with threats of a general railroad strike for wages.

In the latter part of September, Secretary McAdoo, of the Treasury, announced the flotation of the second instalment of the Liberty Loan of 1917 beginning on October 1. Bonds to the amount of $3,000,000,000 are offered for subscription, but it is understood that in case the loan is oversubscribed half the oversubscription will be allotted, and the bond campaign is aimed at a subscription of at least five billions, which would mean an issue of four billions. The same kind of an intensive campaign is going on that marked the exceedingly successful flotation of the first loan, and the prospect is, as this is written, that it will be similarly successful.

(*This record is as of October* 17 *and is to be continued.*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RUSSIA AND THE SOCIALISTS: A PROTEST AND A REPLY

SIR,—When I read the article "Russia and the Revolution" in the May number of your REVIEW, I was struck by the obvious incompetence of the author. His ignorance of Russian affairs seemed matched only by his general *naïveté* in matters political. I remember laying the book aside with a feeling of surprise and mild disgust. But now (in the September issue) comes the same author's "Russia's Danger: its Cause and Cure," and I no longer feel justified in permitting the articles to pass uncommented upon. For in the more recent contribution ignorance and *naïveté* are married to prejudice. Whatever attitude one may take toward Socialism, Socialists, and Socialistic propaganda, remarks such as the author's (and in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW), shocking at best, are next to criminal, in view of the present state of the public mind. I may be permitted to quote the following passage:

> These Petrograd Socialists, like the orthodox Socialists the world over, were wholly fed and nurtured on German thought, their prophets being German economists of the school of Karl Marx. And it is worth while to bring out the fact that, between German Socialism and German Kaiserism, the difference is in appearance only. Both aspire to rule the world; both are prepared to seize universal power by force; both are absolutely intolerant of any form of life or society but their own; both are prepared to thrust their nostrums down the throats of all mankind. There is a slight difference in their phrasing, none in their spirit. German Socialism, the genuine and orthodox Socialism, is simply the paper edition of the Kaiser's *Kultur*. This is why, I think, world-wide Socialism of the German brand is, at this moment, the strongest and most dangerous ally of the Kaiser (September issue, p. 386).

This rebuke at all Socialism on account of the accidental nationality of its first philosopher,—Karl Marx, moreover, as a cultural phenomenon, was as much French as he was German,—this identification of an ideology of ruthless militaristic imperialism with the spirit of a movement growing out of the greatest and most tragic problem of modern times; is as revolting in its moral frivolity as it is humorous in its intellectual *naïveté*.

But there are other even more inspiring reflections. Here is one:

> A real adherence to this [Socialist] creed, this cheaper version of German *Weltmacht* and Kaiserism, automatically makes a man incapable of loyal service to his country (Sept. issue, p. 386).

Unjust and cynical in spirit as is this comment, it is also directly opposed to fact, as witnessed to by the majority of French Socialists, by the majority of English Socialists, by the majority of German Socialists (in this, I presume, the author would see a confirmation of his position!),

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by the majority even of Russian Socialists, and by a large number of Socialists in the United States.

The reflection just commented upon is followed by another, most genuinely delightful in its philosophic depth:

> The Germanic Socialist is as strikingly materialist and atheist [*sic!*] in thought as the Imperial German Staff is in act, and for the same reason: the goal of both is world-wide material power (*ibid.*).

The fact of the matter seems to be that the author, in whose vision the proper spirit for radical politics is "eagerness to work for the betterment of the lowly" is ceased [*? sic*] with unholy terror at the words "socialism," "social revolution," "atheism" (whatever concepts he may connect with these terms), and proceeds to apply them to whatever in the affairs of man proves repellent or revolting to his sensibilities.

The inadequacy of the author's documentation appears even more strikingly in the earlier article. His characterization (May issue, p. 716) of Nicholas the man and the reformer, would—now that the tragic part of the drama is at an end—elicit a smile from every Russian, including, I believe, the ex-Emperor himself. On the psychological side at least the author might learn a great deal from "The Czar's Soliloquy," as overheard by Mark Twain (see same issue, pp. 775-781). What is puzzling is the source of the author's information. Nicholas of the irreproachable life . . . Nicholas, one of the great idealists of the world . . . Nicholas framing and putting into execution the system of the Imperial Duma . . . Nicholas choosing and loyally supporting ministers of extraordinary ability and power (e. g., Witte; of all men, Witte, whom the ex-Emperor is known to have both hated and feared!) . . . all reads not like a page of history but of folk-lore. Nor is deep research in historic sources reflected in the author's comment on the election of the first Romanoff (*ibid., p.* 721) of the true circumstances of which the author does not seem to be in the least aware. One might also doubt the "high historic interest" of the comparison of the Russia of 1613 with that of 1917, "a war in the West, following a war in the East" constituting the significant analogy. And finally this declaration of a *naïveté* almost sublime (May issue, pp. 722-3):

> The Monarchy has, without question, borne very heavily upon some of the greatest Russian writers . . . Yet there are compensations. It was the dire oppression of the Tartars which gave Russian music its characteristic sadness, one of its most valuable qualities; so it was precisely to the concussion with the monarchy that we owe some of the chief works of these Russian writers. Had Pushkin not been exiled to Bessarabia, we should never, in all likelihood, have had the fine poem on Mazeppa's country; Lermontoff got his finest inspirations, that went to the making of a poem like *Demon,* a prose masterpiece like *A Hero of Our Time,* from his exile in the Caucasus, etc. . . .
>
> Surely, we may add, art and literature, and even science would have been much the losers, if pain and suffering and injustice had not come into the world. . . .

For years I have been a reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Since the war, I have read every issue with almost unflagging interest. May I then, as one of your admirers and well-wishers, protest against the author's incompetent, poorly documented and prejudiced contributions?

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY. A. A. GOLDENWEISER.

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MR. JOHNSTON'S REPLY

SIR,—I am indebted to your correspondent for calling attention to certain passages in my articles on Russia, even though he seems to disapprove of them.

First, as to Socialism and loyalty. Here are a few recent documents bearing on this, from *The New York Tribune* of October 2 and 3, and from *The Evening Telegram* of October 2:

> Among the first to feel the weight of the new law will be Victor Berger's paper, *The Milwaukee Leader;* the *Illinois Staats Zeitung* and the *New Jersey Freie Zeitung.*
>
> It is understood that *The New York Call* has been cited to appear and show cause why its circulation should not be prohibited.

> While St. Paul was busy fumigating itself after the visitation the *Tribune* of the sister city, Minneapolis, took up the statement of Mr. Seymour Stedman, general counsel of the Socialist Party, that the Socialist Party has nothing in common with the I. W. W., and said:
>
> Both organizations are opposed to conscription.
>
> Both organizations are printing documents and making speeches designed to interfere with America's successful prosecution of the war.
>
> Both organizations are urging their members to resist the draft.
>
> Both organizations are placing obstacles in the way of the President and of constituted authority everywhere in this nation.
>
> Both organizations are "lending aid and comfort to the enemy."
>
> Both organizations are deliberately and determinedly practising national sabotage.

Next as to the influence of American Socialists in Russia:

> Agitators who came here recently from the United States harangued the crowd, which filled a big circus tent. The speakers scoffed at American liberty and said that the bourgeoisie ruled that country, and the Bolsheviki audience applauded only mildly.
>
> A threatened demonstration against the American Embassy was not carried out. The Government, preparing for eventualities, had sent an armored motor car and a detachment of troops to guard the embassy. Ambassador Francis said he had no fears of possible harm, and did not request a guard. After the adjournment of the meeting, the guard was recalled.

Nicholas II may have disliked Witte, but he kept him in power for a dozen years, sent him to Portsmouth, asked him to make the first draught of the Russian Constitution, and rewarded him with a title.

As to Nicholas II and his idealism, let us remind ourselves that it was through his initiative that The Hague Conference met in 1899, at which twenty-six nations were represented, including Mexico, Siam and Persia; these twenty-six nations thereby paying tribute to his idealism. Again, to his initiative was due the nation-wide prohibition of vodka; he went much further than any democratic Government has yet gone.

NEW YORK CITY. CHARLES JOHNSTON.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE SPEAKS HIS MIND

Sir,—In my persistent reading of war literature I have failed to find anywhere any clear, succinct statement from any pacifist source of the reasons which form the basis of the pacifist agitation, or of the reasons which these people assign for insisting that in this world-war we should

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remain neutral. I believe, therefore, that the readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW would appreciate the publication of a lucid and authoritative exposition of the pacifist viewpoint.

I am one of those who believes we should have been in the war from the beginning—and been there in response to humane instincts of sympathy and selfpreservation, and to uphold the validity and authority of our own law,—the international law. President Wilson's reasoning never appealed to me. He bases his intervention primarily upon the mercenary motive of protecting our commerce, and, secondarily, upon a desire to make the world safe for democracy. The vindication of international law was never thought of till the pocket-book was touched, and democracy had been lost sight of until the trade balance became affected.

This is the way the situation has appealed to me from the beginning:

Suppose that, coming along the street, you saw your neighbor in the act of beating his wife and child with a club in an effort to kill them; suppose, too, that you had it in your power to stop him from carrying out his purpose; and suppose, further, that your brother Bill should grab you by the arm and say: "George, this is none of your business. You should not meddle with your neighbor's affairs. If he wants to kill off his own family that is his business not yours. You should be neutral both in sentiment, speech and action. Besides, it does not pay to do those things. You might get hurt yourself, and it is wrong for you to sacrifice anything for anybody else. You are not your brother's keeper, much less your sister's. Besides, if you interfere the struggle may be prolonged, while, if you remain neutral, the brute will soon finish the job." What would you, and what would the rest of us, think of your brother Bill? Would he not have proved basely recreant to some of the most sacred instincts and emotions of humanity?

But is Bill's position one whit saner or more logical than the position of our pacifists in the present world-conflict? There are only two differences in principle between that supposed case and the one now actually in progress: In the first place, Germany's conduct is incomparably more brutal than the conduct of a husband in beating his family to death with a club; and, in the second place, where the crime is purely individual, society maintains a police force capable of at least wreaking vengeance, while no such police department exists for the enforcement of international law, each nation being charged with the duty of assisting in seeing the authority of such law upheld and vindicated.

There is no getting away from the facts that this terrible catastrophe, with all its horrors, was premeditated and provoked by the Central Powers. Nor is there any question that its sole motive is lust for conquest—the basest of all passions. It is equally clear by this time that the Germans pledged their honor to protect the neutrality of Belgium, even as a husband pledges himself to protect his wife, for the purpose of deceitfully lulling the world into leaving unlocked a door through which a neighbor's house might be entered and sacked.

We are dealing with a nation which has not only trampled upon all agreements solemnly made and upon that law which is its as well as ours, but a nation which has shamelessly thrown every moral restraint to the winds in order to carry out its beastly purpose. And now we are asked to make friends with these people upon the mere promise on their part that they will not do it again.

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The mere suggestion of such a course is shocking. If the Germans are not guilty of the most flagrant violation of pledges express and implied, and of the most brutal invasion of recognized human rights—rights indispensable to the existence of civilized society—we have no business in the war. If they are, we have no business to trust them again. If we are in this war to vindicate justice, peace must be made on terms that are just, which means full reparation for injury inflicted. Punishment need not be considered, for when justice is done there will be nothing left to punish.

Expediency, if nothing else, forbids the acceptance of the Papal terms. To return to the *status quo ante* is to leave the Allies with their homes burnt and their lands ravaged, and therefore, in comparison with the Germans, weaker and less able to resist invasion than before. By such a course the wrongdoer will have been left to profit by his own crime.

To be sure, war is bad business. But Progress is an exacting Goddess. She demands sacrifices continually from her votaries. The blood of our martyrs is the soil out of which our civilization has grown. This condition will change only when brutality has been overcome by spirituality. This war is a holy war, if there never was one before, and it is a torture to have to live through this crisis without an opportunity to take part in the front line conflict.

Pardon the length of this communication, but I got started and I had to speak my mind.

JUNEAU, ALASKA. JOHN RUSTGARD.

AUTHORITY AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Some thirty years ago Sir A. Conan Doyle gave to the world a very remarkable novel, *Micah Clarke*. It is in the form of a "Statement" by Clarke to his grandchildren, and on the second page are to be found these words: "Bear in mind as you listen that it was your quarrel as well as our own in which we fought, and that if now you grow up to be free men in a free land, privileged to think or to pray as your consciences shall direct, you may thank God that you are reaping the harvest which your fathers sowed in blood and suffering when the Stuarts were on the throne——" *Mutatis mutandis* they are as true of the present terrible conflict as they were of that to which they referred: and might well be said by some future grandsire to his grandchildren half a century hence—*provided* that now as then the fighters see the struggle through. But can we hope that in this case we shall avoid the error of going too far, as they went too far in those days? The world's history shows that in all epochal struggles even the right side may overdo its work and in its turn go to extremes.

In all habitable communities the principle of Authority is as essential as that of Liberty—we are engaged in an effort to overthrow a régime in which the principle of Authority has been carried too far. Let us beware that we do not abolish that principle altogether, and in the name of Liberty or Democracy lose sight and appreciation alike of the value of Authority and of the perils of its absence, leading to mob rule, anarchy, and chaos: the danger with which Russia is threatened today, despite the efforts of the sane and far-seeing men who first came into power after the dethronement of the Czar.

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This is an age of Populistic ideas—of a recrudescence of the same fallacies so often weighed in the balance and found wanting in the course of history; and it is most true, as I heard a pulpit orator say not long ago, that we must not only make the world safe for Democracy but we must make Democracy safe for the world. It is really but a phase of this Populism which is at the root of the effort of many of our legislators to place almost the entire cost of the war not only upon this generation but upon those who, having large means, are "best able to pay"—a vicious principle, enabling a Majority to vote taxes upon a Minority and escape entirely themselves where the benefit is shared by all. Equality of fortune has never been attained, and it is no more just to impose taxes in this way now than it would be to do so at any time for public purposes. The exigencies of the case no doubt require that large sums shall be raised where they can be found, but let us put these levies upon the ground of sudden necessity, not upon the ground of a general principle.

If the beneficial results of this war are to be shared largely by posterity, who will not risk life as this generation must, surely that posterity ought at least to bear a considerable share of the war's material cost; and yet those who favor the imposing of almost the whole burden on a few, desire also to increase that burden by leaving as little as possible for the coming generation to bear! It is impossible not to see in the arguments of Mr. LaFollette and his friends an underlying class feeling and an appeal to that feeling in others: which if they had no other sins to answer for, would be enough to show them unfit to sit in the councils of the nation.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. LUCIUS S. LANDRETH.

THE AMERICAN LOOK

SIR,—Several foreign papers have remarked on the appearance of the American soldier, as a type so strongly set in its individuality that it has evoked interest in a world whose jaded vision can but picture men in khaki.

What in him, may we ask, at this time of strain and stress has gained such wide attention? Not his points of feature, nor strength of stature, nor shade of skin and hair. None of these. It is the American look. That expression of intensified keenness (which the English mistook for seriousness), the look connoting eagerness, zest, and—best of all—still unsatisfied interest in the world.

As far back as 1777, when Burgoyne with his Hessians surrendered to the Colonial army after the battle of Saratoga, that same impression of the American expression was apparent,—as conveyed by a Hessian prisoner, who wrote in his Memoirs:

> We passed through the American camp in which all the regiments were drawn out beside the artillery, and stood under arms. Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the fields, the church, or the tavern.
>
> They stood, however, like soldiers; well arranged and with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men all stood so still we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at such a well formed race.

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In all earnestness, English America surpasses the most of Europe in the growth and looks of its male population. The whole nation has a natural turn and talent for war and a soldier's life.

Now that it is no more "English America," but every man's America, if the Hessian's ghost returned today, and visited an American encampment, he would still find "the slim, nervous lads that stood in rank and file," with the same silent expression of courage and fire,—but now clad in khaki in place of homespun.

Of all existing races it would appear that the American of today is the most compositively mongrel. But through this inter-naturalization of all peoples has come a product of our country yet unknown,—the American soldier. For the butcher's boy, the millionaire's son, the clerk, the sport, and the professor have joined the army.

And as they march by, you search each face to trace some difference of expression; but all you find is a common look that covers all, and converts that living mass of men into one great expression of American manhood.

No wonder the foreign papers have marked it, for it is the look of America awake. And that very look has made America what it is, for it stands for vision. It has made our men what they are, for it means zeal; and, God granting, it will help make the world what it ought to be, for it stands for courage.

The lines come swinging towards us, those long lines of men in khaki,—men from the West with skins bronzed by the winds of the prairies; boys from the South, with languid looks and smile; clerks from the desks of Wall Street; and rich men's sons, whose names have been a byword for sport and extravagance,—marching,—marching side by side, under the Stars and Stripes.

Call it climate, if you will, call it conditions of soil, prosperity, or struggle,—out of the melting pot of our free land, out of the maelstrom of immigration of Slav, Teuton, and the Latin races, has evolved a type,—The American Soldier. Hats off! all! as he passes on his way!

Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the faces of our people.

NEW YORK CITY. GERTRUDE P. BISHOP.

WILL GERMANY COME INTO HER OWN AGAIN?

SIR,—Jean Paul Richter once said that to France had been given dominion of the land, to England dominion of the sea, to Germany dominion of the air [he was not thinking of aviation!] How gloriously Germany exercised her dominion of the spirit we all know. But conscious that a nation of poets and philosophers was but half a nation after all, she sought expansion over land and sea.

Science, industry, statecraft, and the art of war were promptly invaded. Unparalleled mastery and organization of these fields soon made obsolete Palmerston's characterization of her as "The land of damned professors," and justified to a world hitherto skeptical of her capacity for aught save speculation, her right to new domain. "By Right or Conquest" became the German rallying cry. Conquest followed conquest until, carried away by lust of power, world dominion became her dream.

But alas! in conquering new domain, Germany failed to hold that

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already won. As early as 1871, we find Charles Eliot Norton, a sympathetic observer of German life, writing from Dresden to George William Curtis:

> But in Germany we no longer philosophize on such matters, and we trouble ourselves little concerning any questions but those of which the solution admits of immediate and practical application. The German has been surfeited with metaphysics and ontology till he has taken a disgust to them. Nothing that has not material value pleases him. Ideas he despises; facts are his treasure. . . . Having led the world in the regions of abstractions, Germany now proposes to lead it in that of realities.

The philosophers themselves did not escape the contagion, but proclaimed the Gospel of *Kultur* and launched into *Weltpolitik*—with what acumen is evidenced in the Manifesto of the Ninety-Three and the assertion of Rudolph Eucken on his recent visit to America that the British Empire was rotten to the core; that at the first touch India, Ireland, and South Africa would rise in rebellion, and the whole edifice fall like a pack of cards!

FROM A LOVER OF LIBERTY

Sir,—I have never quite got over my regret in losing you from *Harper's Weekly*, which meant losing the paper, and I tried to get along without the Review; but since reading the first five war numbers I have decided I must have it even if we go hungry.

As an American citizen, allow me to thank you for the powerful blows you are striking for freedom and humanity. You have expressed the attitude of the intelligent patriot of America with such clearness and force that it seems to me your arguments are bound to carry conviction to every real lover of liberty, and I wish the whole world might read them.

I have no possible motive for flattering you, and I just want you to know how much I appreciate the service you are rendering the Country. I do not believe there is another, except the President, who could do it as well.

I earnestly hope and pray that your health and strength may be spared to continue the good work to the end and that others, more influential and representative than myself, may so express their gratitude that you may feel compensated for your labor.

God bless you—keep it up!

Chattanooga, Tenn. R. W. McBryde.

BOHEMIAN APPRECIATION

Sir,—I have read with interest the article by Mr. Bonsal on "Bohemia—the Submerged Front," appearing in The North American Review for September. The article is accurate and shows a clear understanding of the Bohemian question. May I assure you that the Czech citizens and residents of the United States greatly appreciate the fact that your Review has published this article?

Articles such as these not only serve to convey to the American public information which is necessary if the various problems growing out of the European situation are to be understood, but what is usually not quite appreciated, they also serve to draw the emigrant closer to his adopted country. Perhaps the one best way of really Americanizing

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the emigrant is to show him that America understands problems which are vital to those he left behind in Europe. At any rate, they tend to create an atmosphere of good will and mutual understanding, which is, perhaps, a condition precedent to all real efforts at Americanization of our population of various origins.

NEW YORK CITY. CHARLES PERGLER.

REPAID

Sir,—I subscribed for the five War Numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and have been well repaid. Sometimes I felt you were most too eulogistic of Mr. Wilson, the follower, and not the leader of the American people, as Our Colonel aptly calls him. Still, wishing to be truly patriotic, I acquiesce; but must think for myself: Why on earth did you not say these things two and a half years ago? So many lives might have been saved for better things.

I have been much moved and pleased by the "Three Poems" of Miss Winifred Welles in the September number, and hope you will give us the pleasure of reading many more from the same pen.

Kindly continue my subscription for the year.

DOWNINGTON, PA. A. ROBINSON MCILVAINE.

MAKE IT SO

SIR,—Aye! "Treason must be made odious." More power to your elbow, as Connolley said to Rory O'More.

BROOKLINE, MASS. WALTER C. TAYLOR.

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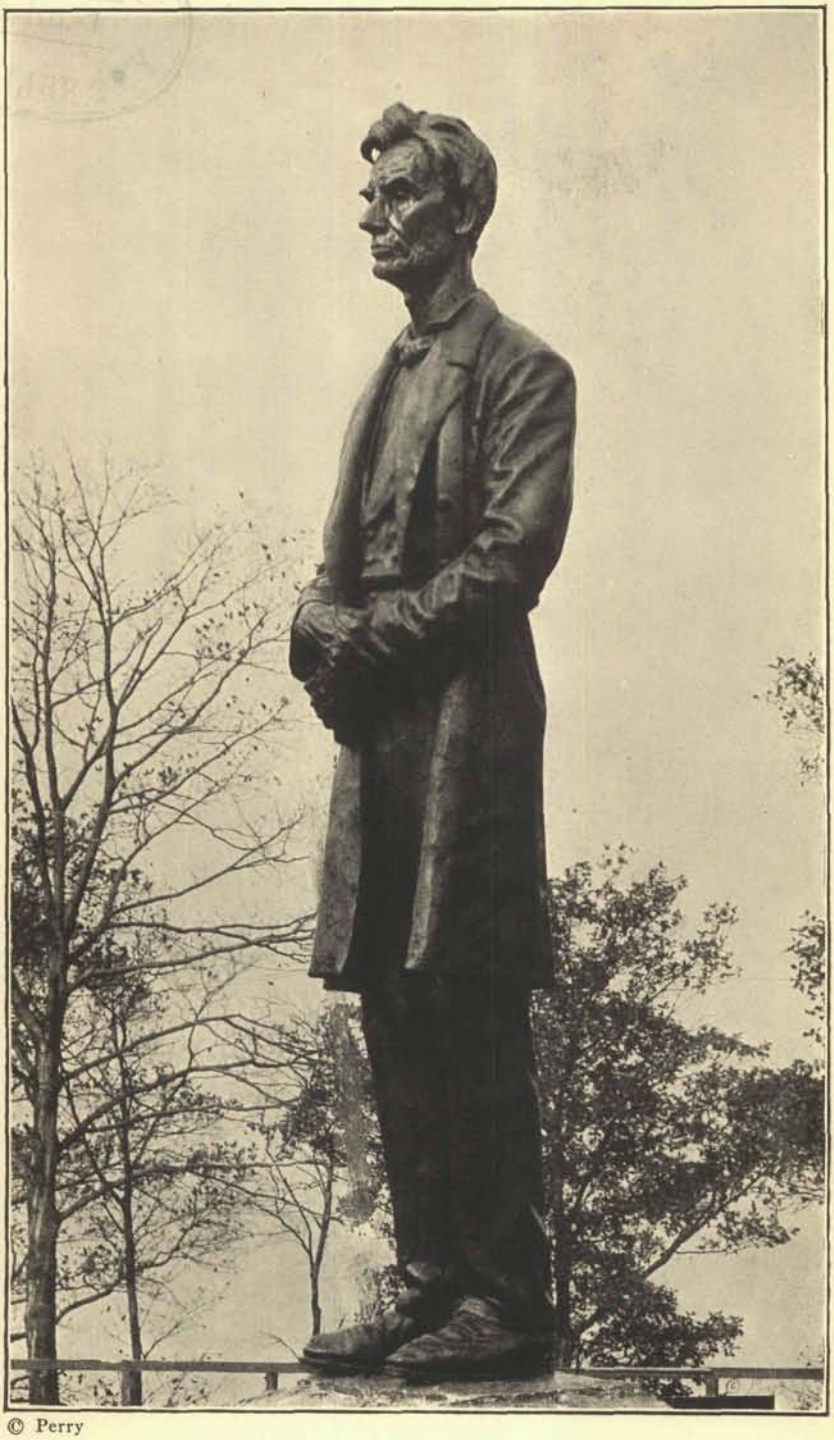

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BARNARD'S LINCOLN

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